



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

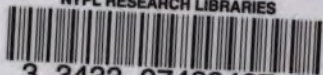
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

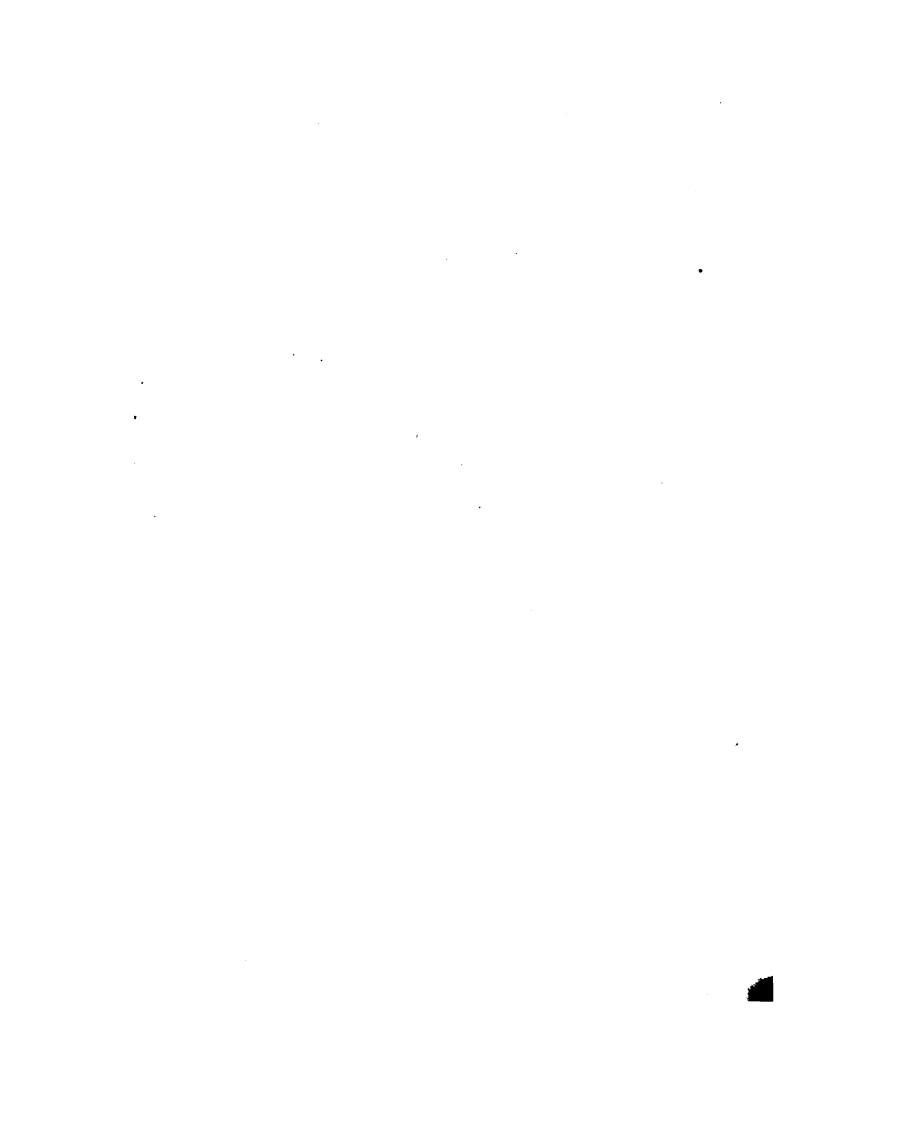
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07489487 8



*NCM
(Morley)
Shakes,





THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L



Painted by Henry Tresham, R. A. Engraved by Charles Warren.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

Act 4. Scene 4.

Antony and Cleopatra.

First Published by J. & J. Boydell, Shakspeare Gallery, London.

THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

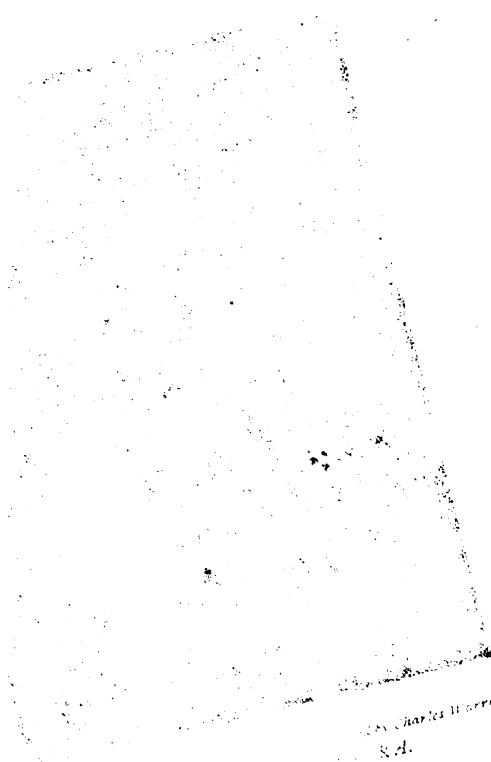
HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

ANTONY
AND CLEOPATRA

WITH PLUTARCH'S LIFE OF
MARCUS ANTONIUS, FROM
WHICH SHAKESPEARE
TOOK THE FACTS

NEW YORK:
DOUBLEDAY & McCLORE CO.

1897



by Charles Warren,
S.D.

by L. W. W.

THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

ANTONY
AND CLEOPATRA

WITH PLUTARCH'S LIFE OF
MARCUS ANTONIUS, FROM
WHICH SHAKESPEARE
TOOK THE FACTS

NEW YORK:
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO.

1897
dw

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
171932B

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1942

R

L

INTRODUCTION.

All for Love; or, The World Well Lost, was Dryden's title to his version, written in 1678, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. This title implied an absolute reversal of Shakespeare's meaning in the play, a mistake which might have appeared reasonable to the apprehension of playgoers in the time of Charles the Second, but in which there would have been no reason to the mind in an Elizabethan. Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* might more truly have been called *All for Lust; or, The World Ill Lost*. It was intended to show how, as Plutarch said, "the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on Antony, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before." *It is the old, old warning to avoid the house of the strange woman, "for her house in-*

clineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life."

The play was, of course, written after *Julius Cæsar*, from which it carries on the sequence of historical events. In *Julius Cæsar* Antony first appears as "for the course," and his love of pleasure is indicated at the outset.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part.

—of that quick spirit that is in Antony." In *Julius Cæsar* the higher use of that quick spirit is chiefly dwelt upon, and the soul of the story is found in a truth of life that has no relation with that shown to be at the heart of the tale of Antony's final ruin, through the overgrowth of his desire towards what William Wordsworth has described in the young as "simple pleasure foraging for death." In the two plays there is a continuous tale in two parts, each part shaped for enforcement of that first principle which its problem of life especially illustrates. Each play therefore, as to its central thought, is entirely distinct from the

other; and in this respect the sequence in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* differs from the sequence of *King Richard II.*, the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, and *King Henry V.*, in which plays there is a continuation, not only of the setting forth of one series of historical events, but also of the setting forth of one poetical conception.

The writing of *Antony and Cleopatra* may possibly have followed some years after the writing of *Julius Cæsar*. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 20th May, 1608, to Edward Blunt, "for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck, knight, and Master Warden Seton. A booke called 'The booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre.' Also to his cōpye by the lyke Aucthoritie. A booke called 'Anthony and Cleopatra.'" There were two quartos of *Pericles* in 1609, but of *Antony and Cleopatra* no quarto is known. It seems to have been first printed in the folio of 1623.

This play has a certain relation in its motive to the trilogy on Henry IV. and Henry V. In the trilogy we see a generous nature tempted by the pleasures of the world, through the same quick spirit that was in Antony—"most subject is the fattest soil to weeds"—but Prince Harry was not *hopelessly* entangled in the net. He rose again

and again at the call of duty, finally cast off Falstaff, the embodiment of pleasures of the flesh, and went to the battle of life—as King Henry V. to the Battle of Agincourt—"God before." In Antony Shakespeare takes pains also to represent a nature large and liberal, a man capable of generous thought and high achievement, a ripe soldier, linked with the young Octavius, whose narrower way of thought banked in—like Hotspur's—yields him no temptation to turn aside. But Antony is past fifty. Shakespeare has followed Plutarch very closely in construction of his play, and has conceived, according to his author, an Antony aged fifty-three or fifty-six, not yet emancipated from the fetters of the sense, caught in the net of a Cleopatra of eight-and-thirty, who neglects no art for the preservation of her charms. In this respect there is to be observed a strong dramatic contrast between the boy and girl love of Romeo and Juliet, a passion of the fancy that transforms the real to the ideal, and the animal passion of Antony and Cleopatra, that quenches every pure aspiration, and draws the spirit with the body earth to earth.

But is this a fair way of regarding Shakespeare's Cleopatra? Is she not such a Cleopatra as might

win an Antony? Of course she is. If Falstaff had not been shown to us good-humoured, sociable, and witty, but had been painted as some lean-witted tub-preacher might describe enticements of the flesh, he would have been shown as a man by whom Prince Hal would have been repelled, and not attracted. It was of the essence of Shakespeare's art—in every sense—to paint Falstaff as one who could surround with pleasant humours the plain fact that he was a thief, a coward, and a liar; to make him so kindly and amusing that we all are of one mind with the Prince in finding him good company. It needed a Falstaff to win comradeship with Prince Hal. In like manner, no Acrasia less enchanting than a Cleopatra could have dragged down an Antony.

In the first lines of the play spoken by Philo in the house of Cleopatra Shakespeare distinctly marks its theme, and associates comment on "the dotage of our general," who is described as a "strumpet's fool," when he first enters with Cleopatra by his side; Cleopatra, whose first words to him mock at his wife. When he hears of his wife's death, and of the troubles that call on him for action, Antony's spirit is roused to a struggle to possess himself—

"These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage."

And again,

"I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know
My idleness doth hatch."

When Enobarbus speaks of Cleopatra as a business to set against the business in the state, Antony says, "No more light answers;" and when the roused sense of duty is met by the wishes of Cleopatra, it only half yields and leaves her with a woman's admiration of a man who can be resolute. He leaves for Rome, and he leaves Cleopatra bound, in their own way, to him, as he to her. "Did I, Charmian, ever love Cæsar so?"

In the Second Act Antony's more generous nature shows itself in the dialogue with Cæsar, and he accepts marriage with Cæsar's sister in good faith; but the picture of Cleopatra when she first charmed Antony upon the river of Cydnus, as shown by Enobarbus, is set in the middle of the story of his marriage to Octavia, and we are shown the light passion of Cleopatra when she *hears that* Antony is married to Octavia. In the *third scene* of the Third Act there is skilful *suggestion* of love built on the clay in Cleopatra's

questioning of the messenger, for it looks only to the bodily features of Octavia, her stature, voice, face, forehead, and the colour of her hair, and draws much consolation from fleshly comparisons. In the same Act, in the decisive sea-fight, Antony is drawn from victory to follow Cleopatra, who had fled.

“She once being loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame :
Experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.”

In the later scenes, Antony is still shown as a noble ruin. His dealing with Enobarbus, when deserted even by that once honest friend, is one clear indication of the generosity of Antony’s large nature. He beats strong wings and lifts his head as if to soar, caught as an eagle in the toils. The strength of his desire towards Cleopatra is the weakness of Antony ; the strength of her desire towards Antony is the whole strength of Cleopatra. Beyond that her care in life is artifice of her profession as a *beauty*, who, at the age of thirty-eight, *cannot afford to trust too simply to Nature*. She

has, in her own strength, pathetic traces
last of that which might have been the
her womanhood, had not her thoughts been

H

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,	} <i>Trium-</i>	TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		<i>to Cæsar.</i>
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		CANIDIUS, <i>Lieutenant-General</i>
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		<i>to Antony.</i>
DOMITIUS ENO-	} <i>Friends of</i>	SILIUS, <i>an Officer under</i>
BARBUS,		<i>Ventidius.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		EUPHRONIUS, <i>an Ambassador</i>
EROS,		<i>from Antony to Cæsar.</i>
SCARUS,		ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS,
DEBOETAS,		<i>and DIOMEDES, Attendants</i>
DEMETRIUS,		<i>on Cleopatra.</i>
PHILO,	} <i>Friends of</i>	<i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i>
MECÆNAS,		CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>
AGRIPPA,		OCTAVIA, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and</i>
DOLABELLA,		<i>Wife to Antony.</i>
PROCULEIUS,		CHARMIAN and IRAS, <i>Atten-</i>
THYREUS,	} <i>Friends of</i>	<i>dants on Cleopatra.</i>
GALLUS,		Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,
MENAS,		<i>and other Attendants.</i>
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		

SCENE—In several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war

Have glowed like plated Mars', now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Train ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckoned.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

*Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent*

His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant.

How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?
both !—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager ; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo.

Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now :—what sport to-night !

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !

Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.
No messenger ; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight !

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,

That he approves the common liar, who

Thus speaks of him at Rome ; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. Another Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage : find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names :—pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend!

Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I

beseech thee ; and let her die too, and give him a worse ; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded : therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he ; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth ; but, on the sudden,

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him : go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar ;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

On :

Things, that are past, are done with me.—'Tis
thus :

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flattered.

Mess.

Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia ; from Euphrates
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia : whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue :

Name Cleopatra as she is called in Rome ;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds

When our quick minds lie still ; and our ills told
us

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news ! Speak there !

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there such an
one ?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

*These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.*

Enter another Messenger.

What are you ?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Giving a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her
on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus !

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women : we see

how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly : I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think, there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

^ O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonder-
of work ; which not to have been blessed
2 *Ant.* ¹ld have discredited your travel.

Ant. ¹ via is dead.

These stro,

Or lose my^a is dead.

Eno. Fulvia !

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth : comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat ;—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broachéd in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea : our slippery people—
Whose love is never linked to the deserwer
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son, who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is
breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno.

I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Another Room in
CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char.

I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
does :—

I did not send you :—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEXAS.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far ; I wish, for-
bear :

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-
pose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall
fall :

*It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.*

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter!

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go:

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here,—

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the thronéd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia! Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

*But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,*

Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst
know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction : the hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my
going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness :—can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awaked ; at the last, best,
See, when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love,
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be :—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

*I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears*

Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood : no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it :
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there 's not it ;
That you know well : something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my *becomings* kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S
House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,
It is not Cæsar's natural wise to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news :—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners : you shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchased ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this be-
comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't ; but, to confound such time
That *drums him from his sport*, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid

As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wished, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love,
Comes deared by being lacked. This common
body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,

Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind : many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt :
No vessel can peep forth, but't is as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps,
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on ; and all this—
It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now—
Was borne *so like a soldier*, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome : 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What 'you shall know
meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I know it for my bond. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam ?

Cleo. Ha, ha !—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char.

Why, madam !

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,

My Antony is away.

Char.

You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason !

Char.

Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian !

Mar.

What 's your highness' pleasure !

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections !

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed !

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing,

But what indeed is honest to be done ;

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

O Charmian !

Where think'st thou he is now ! Stands he, or
sits he ?

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom thou
mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, ' Where's my serpent of old
Nile ? '

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch ; and great Poinpey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not
merry,—

Which seemed to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good A'exas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O. that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
*He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.* [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S
House.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Caesar gets money where
He loses hearts : *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flattered ; but he neither loves,

Nor either cares for him.

Men.

Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men.

From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius !

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :—

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 't is

A space for further travel.

Pom.

I could have given less matter

A better ear.—Menas, I did not think

*This amorous surfeiter would have donned his
helm*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of
LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard ; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so ;
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world ; more laughed at that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised ?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine
intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother

Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it,

*And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather*

Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you 've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patched up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours, which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might

Go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must

But say, I could not help it.

Cæs.

I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts

Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant.

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted : then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i' the morning ; but, next day,

I told him of myself ; which was as much

As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,

Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs.

You have broken

The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep.

Soft, Cæsar !

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :

The honour's sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Cæsar ;

The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required
them,

The which you both denied.

Ant.

Neglected, rather ,

And then, when poisoned hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep.

'T is nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye : to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep.

Worthily spoken, Mécænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have
time to wrangle in when you have nothing else
to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore, speak
no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be but
tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, Amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength
By land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing ; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So 's the fame.
Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy
Mecænas!—

My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast,
and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which
worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfuméd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description : she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr.

O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard
speak,

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes ate only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street ;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies ; for vilest things

Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ;
and Attendants.*

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
*Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come*

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy demon—that's thy spirit which keeps thee—is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered: therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou 'rt sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds ;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia : your commission 's ready ;

Follow me, and receive 't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend.

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let's to billiards : come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore ; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me,
sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though 't
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, ' Ah, ha ! you're caught ! '

Char. 'T was merry when
You wagered on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times !—
I laughed him out of patience ; and that night
I laughed him into patience : and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!—

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess.

Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo.

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo.

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me!

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st :

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence ; fie upon 'but yet !'
'But yet' is as a goaler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : he's friends with
Cæsar ;
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mess. Free, madam ? no ; I made no such report :

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[Strikes him down]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?—

[Strikes him again.]

Hence, horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head.

[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in
brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess.

Nay, then I'll run.—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself :

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again :—

Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

Char. He is afeared to come.

Cleo.

I will not hurt him.—

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself ; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news : give to a gracious message

An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell

themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes. Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee
hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em ! [Exit Messenger

Char. Good your nighness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;

I faint :—O Iras ! Charmian !—'T is no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go :—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars.—[To MARDIAN.] Bid you

Alexas

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast considered, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honoured, honest Roman, Brutus,

With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous
freedom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us,—

For this is from the present,—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon
To part with unhacked edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you
That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither,—
For I have gained by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.
I crave, our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and
let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now : how far'st thou,
soldier ?

Eno.

Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno.

Sir,

I never loved you much ; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom.

Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom.

Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy tather, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes ; something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not

to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine !—A health to Lepidus !

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear :
what is 't ?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth ; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs ; it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so : and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him ?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang !
Tell me of that ! away !

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt
hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith.
What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
What's'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel : let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't. In me, 't is villainy ;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act : being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries*
off LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man:
see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,
ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had
rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. [To ANTONY.] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music ;
 The while I'll place you : then, the boy shall sing ;
 The holding every man shall bear, as loud
 As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand
in hand.

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
 In thy vats our cares be drowned,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crowned !
 Cup us, till the world go round,
 Cup us, till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ? Pompey, good
 night. Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business
 Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
 You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong



Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath
 almost

Anticked us all. What needs more words ? Good
 night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony!

You have my father's house.—But what! we are friends.

Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound, and be hanged!
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Hoo, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Hoo!—Noble captain! come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,—
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with
what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall *appear* before him.—On, there; pass
along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. An Ante-chamber in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey: he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cæsar! Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, 'Cæsar;'—
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves
Antony.

Hoo ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo !—

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr.

Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle

[*Trumpets.*] So,—

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself ;

Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

The fortress of it ; for far better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherished.

Ant.

Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well :
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April's in her eyes ; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ;
and—

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-
feather,

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*] Will Cæsar weep ?

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
horse ;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum ;
What willingly he did confound he wailed,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still : the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

Cæs. Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.

Ant. F's rewell.

[*Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I looked her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive 't.—There's nothing in her yet.—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prythee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow—

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long
or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish
that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 't is no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S
House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and
read it

To public ear :
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O, my good lord,
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts :

Sure, the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud.
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stay your brother. Make your soonest
haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord,
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most
weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;

Choose your own company, and command what
cost

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Athens. Another Room in ANTONY'S
House.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old : what is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action ; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more ;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus : and
spurns

The rush that lies before him ; cries, ' Fool,
Lepidus ! '

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murdered Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught ;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and
more

In Alexandria :—here's the manner of 't—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned : at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings ;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus

Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar ; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unreturned : lastly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate

Should be deposed ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change : for what I have
conquered,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway !

Octa. You have not called me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not ; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved : we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievéd ear withal ; whereon, I begged
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrongéd sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying

The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa.

Ah me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other !

Cæs.

Welcome hither.

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessitiez ;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome ;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

Ag.

Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY's Camp, near the Promon-
tory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should
not we

Be there in person ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—

If we should serve with horse and mares together.

The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's
time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity ; and 't is said in Rome
That Phótinus, an eunuch, and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne !—You have heard on 't,
sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired

Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,

Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingrossed by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen; leave unexecuted

Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And with the rest, full-manned, from the head of

Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 't is impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—we'll to our
ship.

Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well.—Away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius;
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,

His power went out in such distractions as

Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and
throes forth

Each minute some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land;

keep whole:

Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:

Our fortune lies upon this jump [Exeunt

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the
hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold no longer.

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What 's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance : we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of
Egypt,—

Whom leprosy o'ertake !—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno.

That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar.

She once being loofed,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame :
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno.

Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno.

Ay, are you thereabouts ?

Why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse : six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more
upon 't ;
It is ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither :
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I've a ship
Laden with gold ; take that ; divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone ;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :

My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I followed that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone : you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little ; pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by-and-by.

[Sits down.]

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him ; comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie !

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—He at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him :
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches :

Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails : I little thought

You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune
knows,

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—CÆSAR's Camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster :
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so. Declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salute thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt ; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.

N^{ill} Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs.

For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracéd friend,
Or take his life there : this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs.

Bring him through the bands

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

[*To THYREUS.*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is
time ; despatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his slave,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's
Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nicked his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meréd question. 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the
rose

Of youth upon him, from which the world should
note

Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it : follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled
Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show
Against a sworder !—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See my
women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to
square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will.

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr.

So.—

Thus then, thou most renowned : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo.

Go on : right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love but as you feared him.

Cleo.

O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo.

He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not
yielded,
But conquered merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*]

To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit.*]

Thyr.

Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon ; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony

And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this : in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach, there.—Ay, you kite!—Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried,
‘Ho!’

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, ‘Your will?’ Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and
whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] ’T is better playing with a lion’s
whelp,

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him.—Were’t twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of—she here (what’s her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipped,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar’s shall

Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you : ha !

Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abused

By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo.

Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—

O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes ;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make

us

Adore our errors ; laugh at 's, while we strut

To our confusion.

Cleo.

O, is 't come to this

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,

Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have

Luxuriously picked out : for, I am sure,

Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo.

Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,

And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!--O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
The hornéd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipped?

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him:
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do't,

When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchéed bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou :
Hence, with thy stripes, be gone ! [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack ! our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ; the next, Cæsarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey !

Ant.

I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most ~~æalika~~
Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear,
lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle :
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo.

That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
All my sad captains : fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo.

It is my birthday

I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so ; we 'll speak to them ; and to-night
I 'll force

The wine peep through their scars—Come on, my
queen ;

There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
Attendants.]

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear ; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge : and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,
and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
He hath whipped with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;

And feast the army : we have store to do 't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said ; come on--

Call forth my household servants : let's to-night

Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you 've served
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to ENO.*] What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] 'T is one of those odd
tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to ENO.*] What does he mean ?

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] To make his followers
weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow

You 'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't !

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire
you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Before CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour. Good night
to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we : [*they take their posts*] and if
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys underground.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace ! what noise !

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not ?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say !

What should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another post.]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters ?

Soldiers. *[Speaking together.]* How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ?

1 *Sold.* Ay ; is 't not strange ?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter ;

Let's see how 't will give off.

Soldiers. Content. 'T is strange.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, *and*
others, attending.

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour,
Eros !

Enter EROS, *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart :—false, false ; this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well ;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow !
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Despatch.—O love,
That thou could see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see
A workman in t.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame : whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss. [*Kisses her.*] Rebukable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment : I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight !

Then Antony—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony !

Ant. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once
prevailed

To make me fight at land !

Sold.

Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENO-
BARBUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nooked
world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : best you safed the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony !
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my
heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought ; but thought will do 't,

I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the
Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have
yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS and
Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one
before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all ;
For *doughty-handed* are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine : you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honoured gashes whole.—Give me thy hand :

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the
world !

Chain mine armed neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo.

Lord of lords !

O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant.

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl !
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand :—

*Kiss it, my warrior :—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had*

Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand :
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe
them.

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear :
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post.

1 *Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispense upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A miscreant and a fugitive.

O Antony ! O Antony ! [Dies.

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him ; for the things he
speaks

May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as
his

Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake ! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir ?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar off.] Hark ! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour

Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then ;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea :

We please them not by land.

Scar.

For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire, or i' the
air ;

We'd fight there too. But this it is : our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;

They have put forth the haven : forward, now,

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,

Which, as I take 't, we shall ; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,

And hold our best advantage !

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not joined. Where yond pine
does stand,

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 't is like to go.

[*Exit.*

Scar.

Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the auguries

Say, they know not.—they cannot tell ;—look
grimly

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant.

All is lost !

This foul Egyptian hath betrayéd me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turned whore 't is
thou

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly ; be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The
hearts

That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,—

Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them
home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros ! Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love ?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians :
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*

'Tis well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live ; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—

The shirt of Nessus is upon me ; teach me,

Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;

And with those hands, that grasped the heaviest
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall

Under this plot ; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit*.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O ! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.

Char. To the monument !
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument !—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.

To the monument !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forkéd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these
signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt : and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto 't

A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packed cards with Cæsar, and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady !

She has robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch : peace !
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst
do,

Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
Was, ' Antony ! most noble Antony ! '
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros : the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly ; go. [*Exit MARDIAN.*

—Off, pluck off :—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier :—bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile—
[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture : since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does : yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—
Eros !—I come, my queen.—Eros !—Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros ! Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come,—which now
Is come, indeed,—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued.

Eros.

I would not see 't

Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee ! *[Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man ; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then :—*[falls on his sword.*

—thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learned of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCEITAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony.

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERGETAS.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me

Sufficient strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a
prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead;

*But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.*

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what ho!

Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides:

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian ! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise : our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument ;

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
help :

Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace !

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear, my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be broached with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife, Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up,—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs
my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools.—O ! come, come, come ;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast
lived :

Quicken with kissing : had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All.

A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant.

One word, sweet queen.

Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant.

Gentle, hear me ;

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,

Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O ! see, my women,

[*ANTONY dies.*

The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—
O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen : young boys and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !—

Iras. Madam !

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras* !

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us !—How do you,
women ?

What, what ! good cheer ! Why, how now,
Charmian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take
heart :

We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women ! Come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off*
ANTONY's body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou,
that dar'st

Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am called Dercetas
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead,

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack : the round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar,

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword ;
I robbed his wound of it : behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?

The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours

Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity ; but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touched.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs.

O Antony !

I have followed thee to this :—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine : we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season :
The business of this man looks out of him ;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress

Confined in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; Cæsar cannot learn
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee. [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Exit GALLUS.]

—Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius !

Agr., Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent : where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;

How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. The Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt:
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but

I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro.

Be of good cheer ;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleo.

Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro.

This I'll report, dear lady.

*Have comfort ; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.*

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[PROCULEIUS, *and two of the Guard, ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard.*] Guard her till

Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen !—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro.

Hold, worthy lady, hold !

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo.

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro.

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo.

Where art thou, death ?

Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro.

O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep, neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.

[*To CLEOPATRA.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you
shall please,

If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo.

Say I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol.

Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams ;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol.

I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony :
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol.

If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein
stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol.

Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean ; his reared arm
Crested the world ; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dol.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
man

As this I dreamt of?

Dol.

Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol.

Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo.

I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[*Within.*] Make way there!—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus: my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs.

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce :

If you apply yourself to our intents—

Which towards you are most gentle—you shall
find

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world : 't is
yours ; and we,

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possessed of : 't is exactly valued ;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer : let him speak, my
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar, O, behold,
How pomp is followed! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain,
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler tokens I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites
me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To SELEUCUS.*] Pr'ythee,
go hence ;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou a
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-
ledged,

Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheered ;

Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear
queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella !

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this :—Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this ; I have performed
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view : in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian ?—

Show me, my women, like a queen :—go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit IRAS.* A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise ?

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard.

Here is a rural fellow,

That will not be denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] What
poor an instrument

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him ; but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal : those that do die of it do
seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday : a
very honest woman, but something given to lie, as
a woman should not do but in the way of honesty :
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.
—*Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm ;*

but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence : farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down the basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care : it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone : farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I
have

• Immortal longings in me. Now, no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—
Yare, yare, good Iras ! quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call : I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian :—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I
may say,

The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base :
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch.

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed and dies.*

Char. In this vile world ?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly ; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.

O ! come ; apace ; despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well :
Cæsar's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar :
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is
this well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier ! *[Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[Within.] A way there ! a way for Cæsar !

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his Train.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer :
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last :
She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?
1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought
her figs :
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned then.
1 Guard. O Cæsar !
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness !—
If they had swallowed poison, 't would appear
By external swelling ; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail ; and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

PASSAGES FROM THE
LIFE OF MARCUS ANTONIUS IN
NORTH'S "PLUTARCH"

WHEN Pompeys house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it: but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them, and writeth himselfe that he would not go with Cæsar into the warres of Africke, because he was not well recompenced for the seruice he had done him before. Yet Cæsar did somewhat bridle his madnesse and insolency, not suffering him to pass his faults so lightly away, making as though he saw them not. And therefore he left his dissolute maner of life, and married Fulvia that was Clodius widow, a woman not so basely minded to spend her time in spinning and housewivry, and was not contented to maister her husband at home, but would also rule him in his office abroad, and commaunded him, that commaunded legions and great armies: so that Cleopatra was to giue Fulvia thanks for that she had taught Antonius this obedience to women, that learned so well to be at their commaundement. [Afterwards in the time of the Triumvirate]. . . . Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extreme mischief of all other (to wit, the loue of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir vp many vices yet hidden in him, and were neuer seene to any: and if any sparke of goodnesse or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse then before. The manner how he fell in loue with her was this. Antonius going to make war with the Parthians, sent to commaund Cleopatra to appeare personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer vnto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their warre against him. The messenger sent vnto Cleopatra to make this summons vnto her, was called Dellius: who when he had thoroughly considered her beautie, the excellent grace and *sweetnesse of her toung*, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a Lady, but rather assured

himself, that within few daies she should be in great fauour with him. Therupon he did her great honor, and perswaded her to come into Cilicia, as honourably furnished as she could possible, and bad her not to be affraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous Lord then any that she had euer seene. Cleopatra on the other side beleeuing Dellius words, and guessing by the former accesse and credit she had with Iulius Cæsar, and C. Pompey (the Son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty: she began to haue good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a yong thing, & knew not then what the world meant: but now she went to Antonius at the age when a womans beauty is at the prime, and she also of best iudgment. So she furnished her selfe with a world of gifts, store of gold and siluer, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realme as Ægypt was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherin she trusted more then in her selfe, and in the charmes and inchauntment of her passing beautie and grace. . . . So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his Imperiall seate to giue audience: and there went a rumour in the peoples mouths, that the goddessse Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the generall good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to inuite her to supper to him. But she sent him word againe, he should do better rather to come and suppe with her. Antonius therefore to shew himselfe courteous vnto her at her arrinal, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can expresse it. . . . Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill newes were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife, fell out first betweene themselves, and afterwards fell to open warre with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driuen to flic out of Italie. The second newes, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the armie of the Parthians, from the riuier of Euphrates, and from Syria, vnto the countries of Lydia and Ionia. Then beganne Antonius with much ado, a litle to rouze himselfe, as if he had bene wakened out of a deepe sleepe, and as a man may say, *coming out of a great drunkennesse*. So, first of all he bent *himselfe against* the Parthians, and went as farre as the *countrie of Phoenicia*: but there he receiued lametable letters

from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italie, with two hundred saile; and as he went, tooke vp his friends by the way that fled out of Italie to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war: who being of a peeuish, crooked, & troublesome nature, had purposely raised this vprore in Italie, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune, his wife Fulvia going to meete with Antonius sickened by the way, and died in the citie of Sicyone: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easilier made friends together. For when Antonius landed in Italie, and that men saw Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia: the friends of both parties would not suffer them to vnrippe any old matters, and to proue or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse betweene them: but they made them friends together, and deuided the Empire of Rome betweene them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their diuision. For they gaue all the Prouinces Eastward vnto Antonius: and the countries Westward vnto Cæsar, and left Africke vnto Lepidus: and made a lawe, that they three one after another should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselues. This seemed to be a sound counsell, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himselfe afterwards of Accia. It is reported, that he dearely loued his sister Octavia; for indeed she was a noble Ladie, and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had bene widower euer since the death of his wife Fulvia. . . . So when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome, about this marriage, although it was against the law, that a widowe should be married within ten months after her husbands death. Howbeit the Senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly. Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italie with a great number of pinnaces and other pyrates shippes, of the which were Captaines two notable pyrates, Menas and Menebrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peepe out with a saile. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had curteously receined his mother, when she fled out of Italie with Fulvia: and therefore they thought good to make peace

with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misena, vpon a hill that runneth farre into the sea: Pompey hauing his shippes riding hard by at anker, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies vpon the shore side, directly ouer against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should haue Sicile and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should ridde the sea of all theeues and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withall, that he should send a certaine of wheate to Rome: one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius chaunce to inuite them first. Wherupon Antonius asked him: and where shall we sup? There, said Pompey, and showed him his Admirall gallie which had six banckes of oares: That (said he) is my fathers house they haue left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his fathers house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast ankers enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to conuey them to his galley, from the head of mount Misena: and there he welcommed them, and made them great cheare. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra: Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, & make thee Lord not only of Sicile & Sardinia, but of the whole Empire of Rome besides? Pompey hauing pawsed awhile vpon it, at length answered him: Thou shouldst haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content us with what we haue: as for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their campe, & then he returned into Sicile. Antonius after this agreement made, sent Ventidius before into Asia to stay the Parthians, & to keepe them they shold come no further: and he himselfe in the meane time, to gratifie Cæsar, was contented to be chosen Iulius Cæsars priest & sacrificer, and so they ioyntly together dispatched all great matters concerning the state of the Empire. But in all other maner of sports and exercises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other: Antonius was euer inferior vnto Cæsar, and always lost, which grieved him much.

. . . By these conquests, the fame of Antonius power increased more and more, and grew dreadfull vnto all the barbarous nations. But Antonius notwithstanding, grew to be maruellously offended with Cæsar, vpon certaine reports that had bene brought vnto him: and so tooke sea to go towards Italy with three hundred saile. And because those of Brvndisium would not receiue his armie into their hauen, he went farther

vnto Tarentvm. There his wife Octauiā that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her vnto her brother, the which he did. Octauiā at that time was great with child, and moreouer had a second daughter by him, and yet she put her selfe in iourney, and met with her brother Octauius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chiefe friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa with him. She tooke them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and vnfortunatest creature of all other. When Octauiā was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antonius house, and to dwell by her selfe, because he had abused her. Octauiā answered him againe, that she would not forsake her husbands house, and that if he had no other occasion to make warre with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her : for sayd she, it were too shamefull a thing, that two so famous Capitaines should bring in ciuill warres among the Romaines, the one for the loue of a woman, and the other for the ieaiousie betwixt one another. Now as she spake the word, so did she also performe the deed : for she kept still in Antonius house, as if he had bene there, and very honestly, and honourably kept his children, not those onely she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fuluiā. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome, to sue for any office in the common-wealth : she receiued them very courteously, & so vsed her selfe vnto her brother, that she obtained the things she requested. Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest loue and regard to her husband, made euery man hate him, when they saw he did so vnkindly vse so noble a Lady : but yet the greatest cause of their malice vnto him, was for the diuision of lands he made amongst his children in the city of Alexandria. . . . Afterwards he sent to Rome to put his wife Octauiā out of his house, who (as it is reported) went out of his house with all Antonius children, sauing the eldest of them he had by Fuluiā, who was with his father : bewailing and lamenting her cursed hap that had brought her to this, that she was accompted one of the chiefeest causes of this ciuill war. . . . Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and Empire of Antonius, because he had before giuen it up vnto a woman. And Cæsar sayd furthermore, that Antonius was not maister of himselfe, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe, by her charmes and amorous poysons : and that they that

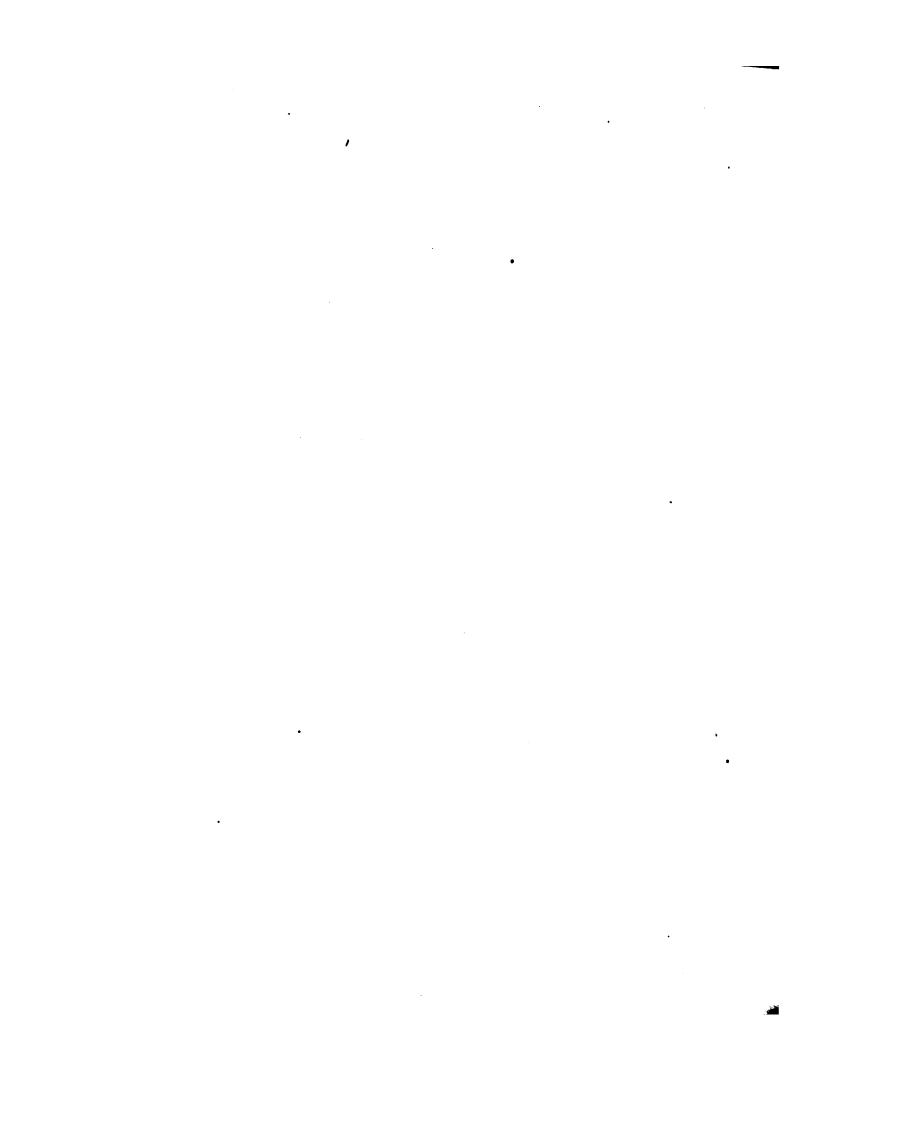
should make warre with them, should be Mardian the Eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatras bed-chamber, who frizeled her haire, and dressed her head) and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius Empire. Before this warre, it is reported, many signes and wonders fell out. First of all, the citie of Pisavrum which was made a Colonie to Rome, and replenished with people by Antonius, standing vpon the shoare side, of the sea Adriaticke, was by a terrible earthquake sunke into the ground. One of the images of stone which was set vp in the honour of Antonius, in the citie of Alba, did sweate many dayes together: and though some wiped it away, yet it left not sweating still. In the citie of Patras whilst Antonius were there, the temple of Hercules was burnt with lightning. . . . Cæsar wold not grant vnto Antonius requests: but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drue him out of her country. . . . So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the citie, in the place where they runne and mannage their horses. . . . The next morning by breake of day, Antonius went to set those few footemen he had in order vpon the hills adioyning vnto the citie: and there he stood to behold his gallies which departed from the haven, and rowed against the gallies of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come neare vnto them, they first saluted Cæsars men; and then Cæsars men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one: and then did altogether row toward the citie. When Antonius saw his men did forsake him, and yeelded vnto Cæsar, and that his footemen were broken and ouerthrowne: he then fled into the citie, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him vnto them, with whom he had made warre for her sake. Then she being afraid of his furie, fled into the tombe which she had caused to be made, and there she locked the doores vnto her, and shut all the springs of the lockes with great bolts, and in the meane time sent vnto Antonius to tell him, that she was dead. Antonius beleeuing it, said vnto himself: What doest thou looke for further, Antonius, sith spitefull fortune hath taken from thee the only ioy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reseruedst thy life. When he had said these words, he went into a chamber & vnarmed himself, & being naked, said thus: O Cleopatra, it grieueth me not that I haue lost thy company, for I will not be long frō thee: but I am sorry, that hauing bene so great a Captaine and Emperor, I am indeed condemned to be iudged

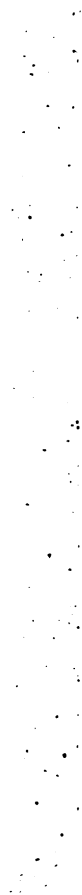
of lesse courage and noble mind, then a woman. Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaund him : and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it vp as though he had meant to haue striken his master : but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himselfe, and fell downe dead at his masters foote. Then said Antonius : O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not do for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell downe vpon a litle bed. The wound he had, killed him not presently, for the bloud stinted a litle when he was layed : and when he came somewhat to himselfe againe, he prayed them that were about him, to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting himselfe : vntill at last there came a Secretarie vnto him (called Diomedes) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alieue, he very earnestly prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his mens armes into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windowes, and cast out certaine chaines and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed : and Cleopatra her owne selfe, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius vp. They that were present to behold it, said they neuer saw so pitifull a sight. For they plucked vp poore Antonius all bloudie as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death : who holding vp his hands to Cleopatra, raised vp himselfe as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him vp : but Cleopatra stooping downe with her head, putting too all her strength to her vttermost power, did lift him vp with much ado, and neuer let go her hold, with the helpe of the women beneath that bad her be of good courage, and were as sory to see her labour so, as she herselfe. So when she had gotten him in after this sort, and laid him on a bed : she rent her garments vpon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomacke. Then she dried vp his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her Lord, her husband, and Emperour, forgetting her own miserie and calamitie, for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he *was a thirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his*

death. When he had drunke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her, that she would seek to saue her life, if she could possible, without reproch and dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar. And as for himselfe, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable chaunge of his fortune at the end of his dayes: but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes and honors he had receiued; considering that while he liued, he was the noblest & greatest Prince of the world, & that now he was ouercome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Romaine by another Romaine. As Antonius gaue the last gaspe, Proculeius came that was sent from Cæsar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they caried him into the tombes and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard (called Dercetæus) took his sword with the which he had stricken himselfe, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first newes of his death, & shewed him his sword that was bloudied. Cæsar hearing these newes, straight withdrew himselfe into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with teares, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had bene his friend and brother in law, his equall in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battels. . . . Kings and Captaines did craue Antonius' bodie of Octavius Cæsar, to giue him honourable buriall: but Cæsar would neuer take it from Cleopatra, who did sumptuously and royally burie him with her owne hands, whom Cæsar suffered to take as much as she would to bestow vpon his funerals. Now was she altogether overcome with sorow and passion of mind, for she had knocked her brest so pitifully, that she had martyred it, and in diuers places had raised vicers and inflammations, so that she fell into a feauer withall: whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to haue good colour to abstaine from meat, and that so she might haue died easily without any trouble. She had a Phisitian called Olympus, whom she made priuy of her intent, to the end he should helpe to rid her out of her life: as Olympus writeth himselfe, who wrote a booke of all these things. But Cæsar mistrusted the matter, by many coniectures he had, and therefore did put her in feare, and threatned to put her children to shamefull death. With these threatnes, Cleopatra for feare yeelded straight, as she would haue yeelded vnto strokes: and afterwards suffered her selfe to be cured and *dieted as they listed*. . . . Now whilst Cleopatra was at dinner, there came a counttriman and brought her a basket. *The souldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight*

what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and tooke out the leaues that couered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he bought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figges. The countriman laughed to heare them, and bad them take some if they would. They beleueed he told him truly, and so bad him carie them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certaine table written and sealed vnto Cæsar, and commaunded them all to go out of the tombes where she was, but the two women, then she shut the doores to her. Cæsar when he receiued this table, and began to reade her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to haue gone thither himselfe: howbeit, he sent one before in all hast that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sodaine: for those whom Cæsar sent vnto her, ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor vnderstanding of her death. But when they had opened the doores, they found Cleopatra starke dead, laid vpon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called Charmion) halfe dead, & trembling, trimming the Diademe which Cleopatra wore vpon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said vnto her: Is that well done Charmion? Very well, said she againe, and meete for a Princesse descended from the race of so many noble Kings: she said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report, that this Aspicke was brought vnto her in the basket with figs; and that he had commanded them to hide it vnder the fig leaues, that when she should thinke to take out the figs, the Aspicke should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she wold haue taken away the leaues for the figs, she perceiued it, and said, Art thou here then? And so her arme being naked, she put it to the Aspicke to be bitten. Other say againe, she kept it in a boxe, and that she did pricke and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the Aspicke being angered withall, leapt out with great furie, and bit her in the arme. Howbeit few can tell the troth. For they report also, that she had hidden poyson in a hollow razor which she caried in the haire of her head; and yet was there no marke seene of her bodie, or any signe discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tombe: but it was reported onely, that there was seene certaine fresh steppes or trackes where it had gone, on the tombe side toward the sea, and specially by the doore side. Some say also, that they found two little

pretie bitings in her arme, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himselfe gaue credit vnto, because in his triumph he caried Cleopatraes image, with an Aspicke biting of her arme. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was maruellous sorie for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondred at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commaunded she should be nobly buried, and layed by Antonius: and willed also that her two women should haue honourable buriall. Cleopatra died being eight and thirtie yeares old, after she had raigned two and twentie years, and gouerned aboue fourteene of them with Antonius. And for Antonius, some say that he liued three and fiftie yeares: and others say, six and fiftie.





THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

PERICLES

WITH "THE STORY OF THE
PRINCE OF TYRE," WHICH
PROBABLY SUGGESTED
THE PLOT OF THIS PLAY

NEW YORK :
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO,

1897



INTRODUCTION.

The Booke of Pericles Prynce of Tyre was entered in the Stationers' Registers for the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, who entered also on the same day *Antony and Cleopatra*. But the quarto did not appear until 1609, and it was then published by Henry Gosson as "The Late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, the no less strange and worthie accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiestie's Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare." Of this quarto there was a reprint in the same year.

That *Pericles* was being acted with success at the Globe in 1607, or in the beginning of 1608,

is shown not only by Blount's entry of it in May, 1608, but also by the publication in the same year, 1608, of a book by George Wilkins, called "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, Iohn Gower." In the argument before this book the reader is asked to receive its History "in the same maner as it was vnder the habite of ancient Gower the famous English Poet, by the Kings Maiesties Players excellently presented." This publication has a distinct value in such transcription of the acted play into prose as makes it possible sometimes to note omitted passages, and guess at restorations of the text. There were later editions of *Pericles* in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635; but Shakespeare's fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, did not include the play in the first folio of his work (1623), nor was it in the second folio (1632). It first appeared among his works in the third folio (1664), and was too well known to have been omitted accidentally.

The text of the first editions was printed so

carelessly that metre and sense in many passages are lost beyond recovery. For this the original author or authors must not, of course, be made responsible. In this edition I have ventured to mend not a few rents in the metre. The play, no doubt, is the work of another man retouched by Shakespeare. The story was an old popular tale—a “mouldy tale,” Ben Jonson called it, for its age—which had its origin in a Greek metrical romance, translated in the eleventh century into Latin prose as *Apollonii Tyrii Historia*. Godfrey of Viterbo, who lived in the twelfth century, and was Chaplain and Secretary to Conrad III. and to the Emperor Barbarossa, dedicated to Pope Urban III. a chronicle in prose and verse, which he called his “Pantheon,” from the Creation to the year 1186. It abounded in stories, that were used afterwards by novelists and poets, and among them was the tale of Pericles—Apollonius of Tyre—which reappeared also in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and in other collections. Chaucer’s friend and fellow poet, John Gower, himself tells us that he took the story from the “Pantheon,” when he

included it among the illustrations of the seven deadly sins in his *Confessio Amantis*.

From Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, the story of the play ascribed to Shakespeare has been directly taken. The play was conspicuous for disregard of unities of place and time ; connecting narrative was, therefore, required to join the acts together, and for this purpose Gower was made to serve as Chorus. The tale as Gower himself actually told it is here added to the play.

The story in French as *la Cronique et Hystoire d'Appolin roy de Thir* was printed at Geneva in 1482 ; our English version of it was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576, William Howe entered at Stationers' Hall "the historie of the strange adventures of Prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his daughter," set forth in print with this title, "The Pattern of aynful Adventures." This was published in the same year, as "gathered into English by Laurence Twine, gentleman." It was based on the Latin of the *Gesta Romanorum* : and there was another edition of it in 1607 ; perhaps in consequence of

the appearance of the play. The first writer of the play of *Pericles* did not take the tale from "The Pattern of Painful Adventures," but from Gower, though it has been suggested that there are some indications of his having also read the tale as gathered into English by Laurence Twine.

The theme of the old tale is the old theme of life tossed upon the waves of Fortune, who sometimes restores all with a full hand to those who can abide the pelting of her pitiless storm. Here the wind changes at last and prosperity storms in on Pericles before he is left to end his life in the warm sunshine. The tale of Apollonius of Tyre would never have been current as it was through Europe if its parable had not been taken up by many a heart much exercised in troubles of the world.

Thirty five years ago—in 1854—I saw *Pericles*, which had not been acted since Queen Anne's reign, put upon the stage of Sadler's Wells by Edmund Phelps. From my "Journal of a London Playgoer" I may quote a few sentences of what I then said of it as an acted play:—"The two scenes

at Mitylene, which present Marina pure as an ermine which no filth can touch, were compressed into one; and although the plot of the drama was not compromised by a false delicacy, there remained not a syllable at which true delicacy could have conceived offence. The calling of Blount and his mistress was covered in the pure language of Marina with so hearty a contempt, that the scene was really one in which the purest minds might be those which would take the most especial pleasure.

“The conception of the character of Pericles by Mr. Phelps seemed to accord exactly with the view just taken of the play. He was the Prince pursued by evil fate. A melancholy that could not be shaken off oppressed him even in the midst of the gay court of King Simonides, and the hand of Thaisa was received with only the rapture of a love that dared not feel assured of its good fortune. Mr. Phelps represented the Prince sinking gradually under the successive blows of *fate with an unostentatious truthfulness*; but in *that one scene* which calls forth all the strength —

1

of the artist, the recognition of Marina, and the sudden lifting of the Prince's bruised and fallen spirit to an ecstasy of joy, there was an opportunity for one of the most effective displays of the power of an actor that the stage, as it is now, affords. With immense energy, yet with a true feeling for the pathos of the situation, that had the most genuine effect, Mr. Phelps achieved in this passage a triumph marked by plaudit after plaudit. They do not applaud rant at Sadler's Wells. The scene was presented truly by the actor and felt fully by his audience."

Of the scenery I then said that "the play, of which the text is instability of fortune, has its characteristic place of action on the sea. Pericles is perpetually shown (literally as well as metaphorically) tempest-tost, or in the immediate vicinity of the treacherous waters; and this idea is most happily enforced at Sadler's Wells by scene-painter and machinist. They reproduce the rolling of the billows and the whistling of the winds when Pericles lies senseless, a wretched man on a shore. When he is shown on board ship in

the storm during the birth of Marina, the ship tosses vigorously. When he sails at last to the temple of Diana of the Ephesians, rowers take their places on their banks, the vessel seems to glide along the coast, an admirably painted panorama slides before the eye, and the whole theatre seems to be in the course of actual transportation to the temple at Ephesus, which is the crowning scenic glory of the play. The dresses, too, are brilliant. As beseems an Eastern story, the events all pass among princes. Now the spectator has a scene presented to him occupied by characters who appear to have stepped out of a Greek vase; and presently he looks into an Assyrian palace and sees figures that have come to life and colour from the stones of Nineveh. There are noble banquets and glittering processions; and in the banquet-hall of King Simonides there is a dance which is a marvel of glitter, combinations of colour, and quaint picturesque effect. There are splendid trains of courtiers, there are shining rows of vestal virgins, and there is Diana herself in the sky."

H. M.

PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *Two Lords of*
ESCANES, } *Tyre.*

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mytilene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.

A Pander. BOULT, *his Servant.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*

A Bawd.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers.

SCENE—Dispersedly in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives

Have read it for restoratives :
The purchase is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum, quo antiquius eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what my authors say :
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke :—
Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

In marriage-pleasures playfellow :
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso asked her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large
received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Emboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothéd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself ;
At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparelled like the
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the ring

Of every virtue gives renown to men !

Her face the book of praises, where is read

Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.

You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflamed desire in my breast

To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,

To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched ;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;

And which, without desert, because thine eye

Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance
pale

That without covering save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembered should be like a mirror
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*] But my un-
spotted fire of love to you.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'sayed yet, may'st thou prove
prosperous !

Of all 'sayed yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage. [*Reads the riddle.*

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed ;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
*You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,*

Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
hearken ;

But being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired :
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated 's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in other's eyes to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear—
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts

Copped hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
thronged

By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die
for 't.

Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law 's their
will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head ! he
has found the meaning ;

But I will gloze with him.—Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth besfit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight !
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,

By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father),
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, where men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
They 'll shun no course to keep them from the light :
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke ;
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning ; for the which
we mean

To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathéd manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard !

You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him :

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Ant. Enough.—

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your hasty

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit*]

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return
Unless thou say, ' Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,
If I get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough : farewell to your
highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu. [*Exit* THALIARD.]—Till
Pericles be dead

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us.—

Why should this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest, as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night—
The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed me
quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger which I feared 's at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here ;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.

And so with me :—the great Antiochus—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,
And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return
to us,

Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience a tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'er-
look

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Helicanus, thou

Hast movéd us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I've power

To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I've ground the axe ;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per.

Rise, prithee, rise ;

Sit down ; I thank thee for 't, thou art no flatterer,
And Heaven forbid but kings should let their
ears

Hear their faults chid !

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel.

To bear with patience.

Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propagate
As arms to princes that bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest :
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed not to strike, but smooth ; but thou know'st
this,

*'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss ;
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,*

Under the covering of a careful night
Who seemed my good protector : and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.
And should he doubt it—as no doubt he doth—
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him ;

When all for mine, if I may call 't, offence,
Must feel war's blow who spares not innocence :
Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for it,—

Hel.

Alas, sir !

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. My lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,

And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Fates do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ; but should he wrong
My liberties in my absence ?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous. —Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure:
His sealed commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone?

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know
not—

Took some displeasure at him : at least, he judged
so ;

And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself ;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hanged now, although I would ;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scaped the land, to perish on the seas.—
Now I'll present myself.—[*To them.*] Peace to the
lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles ;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord's betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us :
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench
it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that
If heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I've the government,

A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For Riches strewed herself even in the street ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight ;
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our
change,

These mouths whom but of late, earth, sea, and
air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise :
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
Those mothers, who, to nouse up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears :
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor ;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuffed these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutored to repeat :

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear ?

The ground's the lowest, and we're half way there.

Go, tell their general we attend him here
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are.

Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets ;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load :
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuffed within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we will pray for you.

Per. Rise, pray you rise :
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,—
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,—
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
Till when,—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, iwis, to incest bring ;
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful both in deed and word :
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he has passed Necessity :
I 'll show you, those in trouble's reign
Losing a mite a mountain gain.
The good in conversation —
To whom I give my benison —
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb-show.

*Enter at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON ;
their Trains with them. Enter at another
door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ;
who shows the letter to CLEON ; then gives the
Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt
PERICLES and CLEON, with their Trains.*

Gow. Good Helicane, that stayed at home
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours ; though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him ;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men ben there 's seldom ease :
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wracked and split ;
And he, good prince, all having lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen, of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower ;—this longs the text. *[Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An Open Place by the
Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
heaven !

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left me
breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch !

2 *Fish.* Ho, come, and bring away the neta.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come
away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

3 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would

have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the
sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!—

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's

them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 *Fish*. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 *Fish*. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man thronged up with cold; my veins are chill, And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish*. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir,—do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help ! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor's man's right in the law ; 't will hardly come out. Ha ! bots on 't ; 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends ! I pray you, let me see 't.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself,
And though it was mine own ; part of mine
heritage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death'—and pointed to this brace ;—
'For that it saved me, keep it ; in like need—
From which the gods protect thee !—it may defend
thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,
Till the rough seas that spare not any man
Took it in rage, though calmed have given 't again.
I thank thee for 't : my shipwreck now's no ill,

Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king ;

I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,

And for his sake I wish the having of it ;

And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

Where with 't I may appear a gentleman :

And if that ever my low fortunes better,

I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it ; and the gods give thee good on 't.

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ;

And spite of all the rapture of the sea,

This jewel holds his gilding on my arm :

Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee
to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Pentapolis. A public Way or Plat-
form leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near
it, for the reception of the KING, PRINCESS,
Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight : he passes over the stage, and his
Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an armed knight, that's conquered by a lady ;

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza*. [*The third Knight passes over.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*.

[*The fourth Knight passes over.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes over.*]

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight (Pericles) passes over.*]

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy delivered?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present's
A withered branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral :

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honoured triumph strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit for the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, all crying, " The
mean Knight ! "*

SCENE III.—Pentapolis. A Hall of State.—A
Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Ladies, Lords, Knights,*
and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
yours ;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good but others to exceed ;
And you're her laboured scholar.—Come queen
o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place :

Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good
Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days : honour we
love,

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are gentle-
men

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir ; sit.

[*Aside.*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,

These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. [*Aside.*] He's but a country gentleman :
Has done no more than other knights have done,
Has broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside.*] To me he seems like diamond to
glass.

Per. [*Aside.*] Yon king's to me like to my
father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was,
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence ;
None that beheld him but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men ;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal
presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the
brim,—

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile ;

Yon knight doth sit with us too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter :

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them ;

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats

Which make a sound, but killed are wondered at.

Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet

Here say, we drink this standing-bowl to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not
please me better.

Sim. Furthermore tell him, we desire to know

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to
you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms,—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armour, as you are addressed,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So this was well asked, 't was so well performed.
Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my
lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies
dance.*—Unclasp, unclasp ;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well
[*To PERICLES.*] But you the best.—Pages and
lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings !—Yours,
sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at :
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest ;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's
House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free :

For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to his heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of priceless value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivelled up
Their bodies, even to loathing; they so stunk,
That those whose eyes adored them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without re-
proof.

3 *Lord.* And cursed be he that will not second
it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then.—Lord Helicane. a
word.

Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
As goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your most noble self,
That best know how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me still entreat
You to forbear the absence of your king ;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like his noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;
Whom if you find and win unto return
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield :
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands :

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter : the Knights
meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my
lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Exeunt Knights*.]

Sim. So,

They're well dispatched; now to my daughter's
letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with
mine;

I like that well:—how absolute she's in 't.
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft, here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I'm beholding to
you

For your sweet music this last night : I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of
you ;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar : therefore, look to
it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing
else.

Per. [*Aside.*] What's here ?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'T is the king's subtilty, to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and
thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not :
Never did thought of mine levy offence ;
Nor never act of mine did yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
[*Aside.*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, although not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in royal blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, my mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you.
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What! are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I 'll see you wed,
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep-yslakéd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
All the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent

With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb-show.

Enter from one side, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter : PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida : SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and all depart.

Gow. By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre—
Fame answering the most strange inquire—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these :—
Antiochus and his daughter dead ;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none :

The mutiny there he hastes t' oppress :
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishéd the regions round,
And every one with claps gan sound,
" Our heir-apparent is a king !
Who dreamed, who thought of such a thing !"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut : but fortune's mood
Varies again ; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear :
*And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.*

I will relate, for action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these
surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that
hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having recalled them from the deep. O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders ; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes ! — O, how,
Lychorida,
How does my queen ?—Thou stormest venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida !—Lucina, O !
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida !

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter : for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !
For a more blustering birth had never babe :
Quiet and gentle thy conditions !
For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It has done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlines there! Thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed, and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard
straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;

No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely confined, in the ooze ;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erhelm thy corse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida !
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
calked and bituméd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is
this ?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou
reach it ?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus : there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner :
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S
House.

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who
have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho !

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call ?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men :
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many ; but such a night as
this,

Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return :
There's nothing can be ministered to nature,
That can recover him.—[*To PHILEMON.*] Give this
to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but CERIMON.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake ;

The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early ;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which give
me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
poured forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored :
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer. What is that ?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest :

'T is of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down ; let 's look upon 't.

2 Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight :

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'T is a good strain of fortune belched upon us.

2 Gent. 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulked and bitumed !

Did the sea cast it up ?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As tossed it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.

Soft !—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ; balmed and
entreated

With spices and full bags ! A passport too : .

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters !

[Reads from a scroll.]

*Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying ;
She was the daughter of a king :
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe !—This chanced to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly, to-night ;
For look, how fresh she looks. They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within :
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

[Exit a Servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian,
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The vial once more ;—how thou stirr'st, thou
block !—

The music there ! I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth
Breathes out of her : she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again !

1 Gent.

The heavens,

Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer.

She is alive ! behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold : the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. O live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be !

[*She moves.*

Thai.

O dear Diana !

Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is
this ?

2 Gent. Is not this strange ?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours !

Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear
her.

Get linen : now this matter must be looked to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come ;
And Æsculapius guide us !

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S
House.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
with MARINA in her arms.*

Per. Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be
gone :

My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take, from my heart, all thankfulness ; the gods
Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
her hither,
To have blessed mine eyes with her !

Per.

We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be mannered as she is born.

Cle.

Fear not, my lord, but think

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per.

I believe you ;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissared shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I 've one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o'
the shore ;

Then give you up to the masked Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S
House.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time ; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may dwell until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon trained
In music, letters ; who hath gained
Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite : this maid
Hight Philoten ; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound:
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks

In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :
And curséd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carry wingéd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An Open Place near the
Seashore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to
do 't :

*T*is but a blow, which never shall be known.

Thou canst not do ~~nothing~~ i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I 'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly
creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolved ?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob fair Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave with flowers : the yellows,
blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ah me, poor maid !
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep
alone ?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing : you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed
With this unprofitable woe ! Come, come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea shall mar it.
Walk with Leonine ; there the air is quick,
It pierces, and makes sharp the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come,
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you ;
Walk, and be cheerful once again : preserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I've no desire to it.

Dion.

Come, come,

I know 't is good for you.—

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.—

Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood :

What ! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—

[*Exit* DIONYZA.

Is the wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen !' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :

Never were waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha !' says one, 'wilt out !'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come ; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me killed ?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I
hope.

You are well-favoured, and your looks foreshow

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :

Good sooth, it showed well in you : do so now.
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch. [Seizes her.

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pir.* Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.

2 *Pir.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA*

SCENE II.—Near the Same.

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes ;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go :
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's
dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boulton !

Boulton. Sir ?

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full of gallants : we lost too much money this morn'g, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do ; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whatever we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 't is not the bringing up of poor bastards,—as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boulton. Ay, to eleven ; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true ; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade, it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. [*To MARINA.*] Come your ways.—
My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pir.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [Exit.]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—

Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown
me

To seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What, do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs : I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And, I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay : he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well ; as for him, he brought his disease hither : here he does but repair it. I know, *he will* come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns *in the sun.*

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [To MARINA.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town:

report what a sojourner we have ; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose !

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ?

Pray you, will you go with us ? [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON's House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

Cle. O Dionyza ! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.

Dion.

I think,

You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine !
Whom thou hast poisoned too.
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact : what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night ; I 'll say so. Who can cross it ?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And, for an honest attribute, cry out,
' She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle.

To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion.

Be it so, then ;

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me
through ;

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Performed to your sole daughter.

Cle.

Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles,

What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn for her : her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle.

Thou 'rt like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies :
But yet, I know, you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at
Tharnus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have a wish but for 't ;
Making—to take thus your imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you,
The stages of our story.—Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to Tharsus—think his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb-show.

*Enter from one side PERICLES, with his Train,
from the other CLEON and DIONYZA. CLEON
shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA ; whereat
PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sack-
cloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then
exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA.*

Gow. See, how belief may suffer by foul show !
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe ;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
showered,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year :
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called ; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' the
earth :*

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestowed :
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderéd
By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the
Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there!
did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-
houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous;
but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth
of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we
must either get her ravished, or be rid of her.
*When she should do for clients her fitment, and do
me the kindness of our profession, she has me her*

quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but *there never came her like in Mitylene.*

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well ; call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee ?

Boul. O, sir ! I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;—never plucked yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you : leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave, a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [To MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I do desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

Lys. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more :—
be sage.

Mar.

For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air !

Lys.

I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dreamed
thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for
thee :

Perséver in the clear way that thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar.

The gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be your thought only

That with no ill intent I came ; to me

The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and

I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,

That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost

Hear more from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damnéd door-keeper !

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away ! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this ? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! what's the matter ?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress : she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable !

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying his prayers, too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods !

Barod. She conjures : away with her ! Would she had never come within my doors !—Marry, hang you !—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womankind ? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress ; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me ?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
They hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change :
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coystil that comes inquiring for his Tib ;
Unto the cholerick fist of every rogue
Thy ear is liable ; thy food is such
As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not enough money in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty Old réceptacles, or common sewers, of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman :
Any of these ways are yet better than this ;
For what thou art, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O that the gods
Would from this place safely deliver me !
Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain gold by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee ;
if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst

them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent ; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come ; I'll do for thee what I can : come your ways. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admiréd lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her neeld com-
poses
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry ;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her : and her gain
She gives the curséd bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
lost,

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells : and on this coast
Suppose him anchored now. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense ;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight ;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discovered ; please you, sit and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' ship, off Mitylene.

A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it ;
PERICLES within it, reclining on a couch. A
barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel,
the other to the barge ; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.] Where is
Lord Helicane ? he can resolve you.*

O, here he is.—

Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would
come aboard: I pray you greet them fairly.

*[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on
board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the
Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve
you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I'm governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature ?

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat ;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a belovéd daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him ?

Hel. You may ;
But bootless is your sight : he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES discovered.] This
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !
Hail, royal sir !

Hel. It is in vain ; he will not speak to you !

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I
durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafened parts,
Which now are midway stopped :
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow-maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords.*

[*Exit Lord.*

Hel. Effectless, sure ; yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretched thus far, let us to this beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you ;—
But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one !—
Is 't not a goodly presence ?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that were I well assured
She came of gentle kind, and noble stock,
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely
wed.—

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous !

[*MARINA sings.*

Marked he your music ?

Mar. No, nor looked on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum ! ha !

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But hath been gazed on like a comet : she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes
upon me.—

You are like something that—What country-
woman ?

Here of these shores ?

Mar. No, nor of any shores ;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
one

My daughter might have been : my queen's square
brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver-voiced ; her eyes as jewel like,
And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the
deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe ?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disdained in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak :
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. I'll believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou cam'st
From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;
If thine considered prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind
virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incenséd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter !
And called Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?—
Motion !—Well ; speak on. Where were you
born ?

And wherefore called Marina ?

Mar. Called Marina ?
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ! what mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O ! stop there a little.—
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
sleep
Did mock sad fools withal ; this cannot be.
My daughter's buried.—Well :—where were you
bred ?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn to believe me ; 't were best I
did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? where were you
bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave
me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to
do 't,

A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,

You think me an imposter : no, good faith ;

I am the daughter to King Pericles,

If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general : tell me, if thou canst,

What this maid is, or what is like to be,

That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel.

I know not ; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys.

Never she would tell

Her parentage ; being demanded that,

She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus ! strike me, honoured sir ;

Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;

Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,

O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget ;

Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,

And found at sea again.—O Helicanus !

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us : this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
My drowned queen's name—as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou'rt heir of
kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my
child.
Give me fresh garments ! Mine own, Helicanus ;
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,

Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.—

Give me my robes : I am wild in my beholding.

O heavens, bless my girl ! But hark ! what
music ?—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,

How sure you are my daughter.—But what music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None ?

The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him : give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?—

Lys. My lord, I hear. [Music.

Per. Most heavenly music :

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. [Sleeps.

Lys. A pillow for his head.

[The curtain before the pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.]

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[Exit LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do it, and happy, by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream. *[Disappears.]*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they're willed.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus ;
THAISA standing near the altar, as high
priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ;
CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus
attending.

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre ,
Who, frighted from my country, did wed,
At Pentapólis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina ; who, O goddess !
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nursed with Cleon, whom at fourteen years

He sought to murder : but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai.

Voice and favour :—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles !— [*Faints.*]

Per. What means the woman ? she dies : help,
gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no :

I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per.

"T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O ! she's but o'erjoyed.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, found
Rich jewels there ; recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per.

May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

*Whither I invite you. Look ! Thaisa is
Recovered.*

Thai. O, let me look !
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death ?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drowned.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this : no more, you gods ! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports : you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISA.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa ;

Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,

For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blessed, and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute :

Can you remember what I called the man ?

I have named him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation !

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found,

How possibly preserved, and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this is the man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power,
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord :

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;

How she came to be placed here in the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision ; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothéd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens, make a star of him ! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days :
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have
heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,

Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their curséd deed, and honoured name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seeméd so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[Exit.]

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF TYRE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF TYRE.

From John Gower's "Confessio Amantis."

“ OF a cronique in daiés gon,
The which is clepéd Panteón,
In lovés cause I redé thus,
How that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioché toke
His firsté name, as saith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had a doughter hem betwene.
But such fortuné cam to honde,
That deth, which no kind may withstonde
But every life it mote obey,
This worthy quené toke away.
The king, which madé mochel mone,
Tho stood as who saith all him one
Withouté wife, but nethéles
His doughter which was perélés
Of beauté dwelt about him stille.
But whan a man hath welth at wille
The flesshe is frele and falleth ofte,
And that this maidé tendre and softe
Whiche in her faders chambre dwelte

Within a timé wist and felte,
It helpeth nought all though she wepe,
For they that shulde her body kepe
Of women were absent as than,
And thus this maiden goth to man.
The wildé fader thus devoureth
His owné flessch, which none socoureth,
And that was cause of mochel care.
But after this unkindé fare
Out of the chambre goth the king.
And she lay still and of this thing
Within her self such sorwe made
There was no wight, that might her glade,
Fore fere of thilke horrible vice.
With that came inné the norice,
Which fro childhode her haddé kepte
And axeth if she haddé slepte,
And why her cheré was unglad.
But she, which hath ben overlad
Of that she mighté nought be wreke,
For shamé couth unethés speke.
And nethéles mercý she praide
With weping eye and thus she saide:
' Helas, my suster, wailoway,
That ever I sigh this ilké day.
My worldés worship is berefte.'
With that she swouneth now and ofte
And ever wissheth after deth,

So that welnigh her lacketh breth.

“That other, which her wordés herde,
In comfortíng of her answérde,
‘Whan thing is do, there is no bote.
So suffren they that suffren mote.
There was none other, which it wist.’
Thus hath this king all that him list
And such delite he toke there in,
Him thoughté that it was no sin.
And she durst him no thing withsay.
But Famé, which goth every way,
To sondry regnés all aboute
The greaté beauté telleth oute
Of such a maide of high paráge.
So that for love of mariáge
The worthy princes come and sende,
As they the which all honour wende
And knew no thíng how that it stode.

“The fader whan he understode
That they his doughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought
How that he mighté finde a lette,
And such a statute than he sette,
And in this wise his lawé taxeth,
That what man that his doughter axeth,
But if he couthe his questiún
Assoile upon suggestiún
Of certein thingés that befelle,

The which he wolde unto him telle,
He shulde in certein lese his hede.
And thus there weré many dede,
Her hedés stonding on the gate,
Till atté lasté long and late
For lacke of answee in this wise
The remenaunt that weren wise
Escheueden to make assay.

“Till it befell upon a day
Appollinus the prince of Tíre,
Which hath to love a great desire,
A yonge, a fresh, a lusty knight,
As he lay musing on a night
Of the tidíngés, which he herde,
He thought assay how that it ferde.
He was with worthy compaignie
Arraiéd and with good navie
To ship he goth, the winde him driveth,
And saileth till that he arriveth
Sauf in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth and goth to approche
The kingés court and his presence.

“Of every natural sciéce
Whiche any clerké couth him teche
He couth inough, and in his speche
Of wordés he was eloquént.
And whan he sigh the king présent,
He praieth he mote his doughter have.

The king ayein began to crave
And tolde him the condición,
How first unto his question
He mote answer and failé nought,
Or with his heved it shall be bought.
And he him axeth, what it was.

“The king declareth him the cas
With sterné loke and stordy chere,
To him and said in this manere :
‘With felony I am upbore,
I ete, and have it nought forlore,
My moders flesh, whose husebondé,
My fader, for to seche I fonde,
Which is the sone eke of my wife.
Herof I am inquisitife.

And who that can my talé save
Al quite he shall my doughter have.
Of his answer and if he faile,
He shall be dede withouté faile.
Forthy my soné, quod the king,
Be wel aviséd of this thing,
Which hath thy life in jeopartie.
Appollinus for his partie
Whan he that question had herde,
Unto the king he hath answerde
And hath rehercéd one and one
The points and saidé therupon :


‘The question, which thou hast spoke,

If thou wolt that it be unloke,
It toucheth all the priveté
Betwene thin owné child and the
And stant all hole upon you two.'
The king was wonder sory tho
And thought, if that he said it out,
Than were he shaméd all about.
With slighé wordés and with felle
He saith: 'My sone, I shall the telle,
Though that thou be of litel wit,
It is no great merveile as yit,
Thin agé may it nought suffise.
But loké wel thou nought despise
Thin owné life, for of my grace
Of thritty daiés full a space
I graunté the, to ben avised.'

"And thus with leve and time assised
This yongé princé forth he wente
And understode wel what it menta.
Within his herte as he was lered,
That for to maken him afered
The kinge his time hath so delaied
Wherof he drad and was amaied
Of treson that he deié sholde
For he the king his sothé tolde.
And sodeinly the nightés tide,
That moré wolde he nought abide,
Al privély his barge he hente

And home ayein to Tíre he wente.
And in his owné wit he saide,
For drede, if he the king bewraide
He knew so wel the kingés herte
That deth ne shulde he nought asterte,
The king him woldé so pursue.
But he that wolde his deth escheue
And knewe all this to-fore the honde,
Forsake he thought his owné londe,
That theré wolde he nought abide.
For wel he knew that on some aide
This tiraunt of his felonie
By some manere of trecherie
To greve his body woll nought leve.

“Forthý withouten taking leve
As privelich as ever he might
He goth him to the see by night,
Her shippés ben with wheté laden,
Her takil redy tho they maden
And haleth sail and forth they fare.
But for to tellen of the care,
That they of Tiré baren tho,
Whan that they wist he was ago,
It is a pité for to here.
They losten lust, they losten chere,
They toke upon hem such penaúnce,
There was no song, there was no daunce,
But every merthe and melody



To hem was than a malady,
For unlust of that aventure.
There was no man which toke tonsure,
In dolfull clothés they hem clothe.
The bathés and the stewés bothe
They shetten in by every wey.
There was no life which listé pley
Ne take of any joié kepe,
But for her legé lord to wepe,
And every wight said as he couth :
' Helas, the lusty floure of youth,
Our prince, our heved, our governour,
Through whom we stonden in honour,
Withouté the commune assent,
That sodeinly is fro us went !'
Such was the clamour of hem alle.

" But se we now what is befallé
Upon the firsté talé pleine
And torné we therto ayeine.

" Antiochus the greté sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His herté bereth so as ye herde
Of that this prince of Türe answerde,
He had a felow bachelor,
Which was his privé counseiler
And Taliart by name he hight.
The king a strong poisón him dight
Within a buist and gold therto,

In allé haste and bad him go
Straught unto Tíre and for no cost
Ne sparé till he haddé lost
The princé which he woldé spill.
And whan the king hath said his will
This Taliart in a galéy
With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wind was good, they saileth blive,
Till he toke lond upon the rive
Of Tíre and forth with all anone
Into the burgh he gan to gone
And toke his inne and bode a throwe.
But for he woldé nought be knowe,
Desguiséd than he goth him out.
He sigh the weping all about
And axeth, what the causé was.
And they him tolden all the cas,
How sodeinly the prince is go.
And when he sigh that it was so
And that his labour was in veine
Anone he torneth home ayeine,
And to the king when he cam nigh
He tolde of that he herde and sigh,
How that the prince of Tíre is fled,
So was he come ayein unsped.
The king was sory for a while
But whan he sigh that with no wile
He might acheve his cruelté,

He stint his wrath and let him be.

“ But over this now for to telle
Of adventúres that befelle
Unto this prince, of which I tolde,
He hath his righté cours forth holde
By stone and nedel till he cam
To Tharse, and ther his londe he nam.
A bourgeois riche of golde and fee
Was thilké time in that citee,
Which clepéd was Strangulio,
His wife was Dioníse also.
This yongé prince, as saith the boke,
With him his herbergagé toke.
And it befell that citee so
Before time and than also
Through strongé famin whiche hem lad
Was none that any wheté had.
Appollínús, whan that he herde
The mischefe, how the citee ferde,
All frelich of his owné yifte
His whete among hem for to shifte,
The which by ship he haddé brought,
He yave, and toke of hem right nought.
But sithen first this world began,
Was never yet to such a man
More joié made, than they him made.
For they were all of him so glade
That they for ever in rémembraunce

Made a figure in résemblaunce
Of him and in a comun place
They set it up, so that his face
Might every maner man beholde
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton over gilt.
Thus hath he nought his yifté spilt.

“ Upon a timé with a route
This lord to pleié goth him oute
And in his way of Tire he mette
A man, which on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Which praide his lord to have insight
Upon him self and said him thus,
How that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth if he might him spilla.
That other thought and helde him stille
And thonkéd him of his warníng
And bad him tellé no tidíng,
Whan he to Tire cam home ayeine,
That he in Tharse him haddé seine.

“ Fortúne hath ever be muáble
And may no whilé stondé stable.
For now it higheth, now it loweth,
Now stant upright, now overthroweth,
Now full of bliss and now of bale,
As in the telling of my tale
Here afterward a man may lere,

Which is great routhé for to here.

“This lord, which woldé done his best,
Within him self hath litel rest
And thought he wolde his placé chaunge
And seke a contré moré straunge.
Of Tharsiens his leve anone
He toke and is to shippé gone.
His cours he nam with saile updrawe,
Where as Fortúné doth the lawe
And sheweth as I shall reherce
How she was to this lord diverse,
The which upon the see she ferketh.
The winde aros, the wether derketh,
It blew and madé such tempést,
None anker may the ship arest,
Which hath to-broken all his gere.
The shipmen stood in such a fere,
Was none that might him self bestere,
But ever awaite upon the lere
Whan that they sholden drenche at ones.
There was inough within the wones
Of weping and of sorwe tho.
The yongé king maketh mochel wo
So for to se the ship travaile,
But all that might him nought availa.
The mast to-brake, the sail to-rofe,
The ship upon the wawés drofe,
Till that they se the londés coste.

Tho made a vow the leste and moste,
Be so they mighten come a londe.
But he which hath the se on honde,
Neptunus, woldé nought accorde,
But all to-brake cable and corde,
Er they to londé mighte approche.
The ship to-clef upon a roche
And all goth down into the depe.
But he that allé thing may kepe
Unto this lord was merciáble
And brought him sauf upon a table
Which to the londe him hath upbore,
The remenaunt was all forlore.
Herof he madé mochel mone.

“ Thus was this yongé lorde alone
All naked in a pouér plite.
His colour which was whilom white
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was so sore a cale,
That he wist of him self no bote,
It helpe him no thing for to mote
To gete ayein that he hath lore.
But she which hath his deth forbore,
Fortúné, though she woll nought yelpe,
All sodeinly hath sent him helpe
Whan him thought allé grace away.
There came a fissher in the wey
And sigh a man there naked stonde.

And whan that he hath understonde
The cause, he hath of him great routh
And onlich of his pouér trouth
Of suché clothés as he hadde
With great pité this lord he cladde.
And he him thonketh as he sholde
And saith him that it shall be yolde,
If ever he gete his state ayein,
And praieth, that he wolde him sain
If nigh were any town for him.
He saidé: 'Ye, Pentopolim,
Where bothé king and quené dwellen.'
Whan he this talé herdé tellen,
He gladdeth him and gan beseche,
That he the wey him woldé teche.
And he him taught. And forth he went
And praidé God with good entent
To sende him joy after his sorwe.

"It was nought passéd yet mid-morwe,
Than thiderward his wey he nam,
Where sone upon the none he cam.
He eté such as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to se the town about,
And cam there as he found a rout
Of yongé lusty men withall.
And as it shuldé tho befall,
That day was set of such assise,

That they shulde in the londés gise
As he herde of the people say
Her comun gamé thanné pley.
And criéd was, that they shuld come
Unto the gamés all and some
Of hem that ben deliver and wight
To do such maistry as they might.
They made hem naked as they sholde,
For so that ilké gamé wolde
And it was tho custume and use,
Amongés hem was no refuse.
The floure of all the town was there
And of the court also there were,
And that was in a largé place
Right even before the kingés face,
Whiche Artestrates thanné hight.
The pley was pleied right in his sight;
And who most worthy was of dede
Receive he shulde a certain mede
And in the citee bere a price.

“ Appollinus which ware and wise
Of every gamé couth an ende,
He thought assay how so it wende.
And fell among hem into game,
And there he wanne him such a name,
So as the king him self accompteth,
That he all other men surmounteth
And bare the prise above hem alle.

The king bad that into his halle
At souper time he shall be brought.
And he cam than and left it nought,
Withouté compaigny alone.

Was none so semelich of persone,
Of visage and of limmés bothe,
If that he haddé what to clothe.

At souper timé nethéles
The king amiddés all the pres
Let clepe him up amonge hem alle
And bad his mareshall of his halle

To setten him in such degré
That he upon him mighté se.

The king was soné sette and served,
And he which had his prise deserved
After the kingé owné worde,

Was made begin a niddel borde
That bothé king and quene him sigh.

He sette and cast about his eye,
And sigh the lordés in estate
And with him self wax in debate
Thenkénd of what he haddé lore,
And such a sorwe he toke therfore,
That he sat ever still and thought,
As he which of no meté rought.

“The king behelde his hevinesse

And of his greté gentillesse
His doughter which was faire and good

And atté bord before him stood,
As it was thilké time uságe,
He bad to go on his messáge
And foundé for to make him glad.
And she did as her fader bad
And goth to him the softé pas.
And axeth whenne and what he was,
And praith he shulde his thoughtés leve.

“He saith : ‘Madamé, by your leve.

My name is hote Appollinus,
And of my richesse it is thus,
Upon the see I have it lore.
The contré where as I was bore,
Where that my lond is and my rente,
I lefte at Tire whan that I wente,
The worship there of which I ought
Unto the God I there betought.’
And thus to-gider as they two speke,
The téré ran down by his cheke.
The king, which therof toke good kepe,
Had great pité to se him wepe
And for his doughter send ayein
And praid her faire and gan to sain
That she no lenger woldé drecche,
But that she wolde anone forth fecche
Her harpe and done all that she can
To gladdé with that sory man.
And she to done her faders hest

Her harpé set and in the feste
Upon a charé which they sette
Her self next to this man she sette.
With harpé both and eke with mouthe
To him she did all that she couthe
To make him chere, and ever he siketh,
And she him axeth how him liketh.

‘Madamé, certés well,’ he saide,
‘But if ye the mesuré plaide
Which, if you list, I shall you lere,
It were a glad thing for to here.’
‘Ha, levé siré,’ tho quod she,
‘Now take the harpe and let me se,
Of what mesuré that ye mene.’

“Tho praith the king, tho praith the quene,
Forth with the lordés all arewe,
That he some merthé woldé shewe.
He taketh the harpe and in his wise
He tempreth, and of suche assise
Singend he harpeth forth withall
That as a vois celestiall
Hem thought it sounéd in her ere,
As though that he an aungel were.
They gladen of his melody,
But most of all the company
The kingés doughter, which it herde,
And thought eke of that he answerde
Whan that it was of her apposed,

Within her hert hath well supposed
That he is of great gentillesse ;
His dedés ben therof wnesse
Forth with the wisdome of his lore,
It nedeth nought to seché more.
He might nought havé such manere,
Of gentil blood but if he were.
When he hath harpéd all his fill
The kingés hesté to fulfill,
Away goth dish, away goth cup,
Down goth the bord, the cloth was up,
They risen and gone out of halle.

“ The king his chamberlein let calle
And bad, that he by allé wey
A chambre for this man purvey,
Which nigh his owné chambre be.
‘ It shall be do, my lord,’ quod he.

“ Appollinus, of whom I mene,
Tho toke his leve of king and quene
And of the worthy maide also,
Which praid unto her fader tho,
That she might of the yongé man
Of tho sciénces which he can,
His loré have. And in this wise
The king her graunteth his apprise,
So that him selfe thereto assent.
Thus was accorded er they went
That he with all that ever he may

This yongé fairé freshé may
Of that he couthé shulde enforma.
And ful assented in this forme
They token leve as for that night.

“ And whan it was on morwe right,
Unto this yongé man of Tire
Of clothés and of good attire
With gold and silver to despende
This worthy yongé lady sende.
And thus she made him well at ese,
And he with all that he can plese
Her serveth well and faire ayeine.
He taught her till she was certeine
Of harpé, citole and of riote
With many a tune and many a note,
Upon musique, upon mesure,
And of her harpé the temprure
He taught her eke, as he well couth.
But as men sain that frele is youth,
With leiser and continuaunce,
This maidé fell upon a chaunce,
That love hath made him a quarele
Ayeine her youthé fresh and frele,
That malgré where she wold or nought,
She mot with all her hertés thought
To love and to his lawe obey.
And that she shall full sore abey,
For she wot never what it is.

But ever among she feleth this,
Thenkend upon this man of Tire,
Her herte is hote as any fire,
And otherwise it is acale.

Now is she red, now is she pale
Right after the conditió n
Of her ymaginación.

But ever among her thoughtés alle,
She thoughté, what so may befallé,
Or that she laugh, or that she wepe,
She wolde her godé namé kepe
For fere of womanisshé shame.

But what in earnest, what in game,
She stant for love in such a plite
That she hath lost all appetite
Of mete and drinke, of nightés rest,
As she that not what is the best.
But for to thenken all her fille
She helde her ofté timés stille
Within her chambre and goth nought out.
The king was of her life in doubt,
Which wisté nothing what it ment.

“ But fell a time, as he out went
To walke, of princes sonés thre
There came and fellé to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondry wise
Besought and profreth his service,
So that he might his doughter have.

The king, which wold her honour save,
Saith, she is sike, and of that speche
Tho was no timé to beseche,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad and write his owné wille,
His name, his fader, and his good.
And whan she wist how that it stood,
And had her billés oversein,
They shulden have answeye ayein.
Of this counseil they weren glad
And writen as the king hem bad,
And every man his owné boke
Into the kingés hond betoke.
And he it to his doughter sende
And praide her for to make an ende
And write ayein her owné honde,
Right as she in her herté fonde.

“The billés weren well received,
But she hath all her lovés weived
And thoughté tho was time and space
To put her in her faders grace
And wrote ayein and thus she saide :

‘The shamé which is in a maide
With speché dare nought be unloke,
But in writting it may be spoke.
So write I to you, fader, thus,
But if I have Appollinus,
Of all this world what so betide

I woll non other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile
I wot right well withouté faile
Ye shull for me be doughterles.
This letter came, and there was pres
To-fore the king there as he stode.
And whan that he it understode,
He yave hem answe by and by.
But that was done so privély,
That none of others counseil wiste.
They toke her leve, and where hem liste,
They wenté forth upon her wey.

“The king no woldé nought bewrey
The counseil for no maner high,
But suffreth till he time sigh.
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath unto his counseil nome
This man of Tye and lete him se
The letter, and all the priveté
The which his doughter to him sente.
And he his kne to groundé bente
And thonketh him and her also.
And er they wenten than a two
With good herte and with good corage
Of full love and full mariáge
The kinge and he ben hole accorded.
And after, whan it was recorded
Unto the doughter how it stood,

The yifte of all this worldés good
Ne shuld have made her half so blithe.
And forthwithall the kinge als swithe,
For he woll have her good assent,
Hath for the quene her moder sent.
The quene is come, and whan she herde
Of this matere how that it ferde,
She sigh debate she sigh disese
But if she wolde her doughter plesse,
And is therto assented ful,
Whiche is a dedé wonderful,
For no man knew the sothé cas,
But he him self, what man he was.
And nethéles so as hem thought
His dedés to the sothé wrought,
That he was come of gentil blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldés good,
And as therof is no despeire,
For she shall be her faders heire
And he was able to gouvérne,
Thus woll they nought the lové werne
Of him and hiré by no wise,
But all accordéd they devise
The day and time of mariáge,
Where love is lorde of the corage.
Him thenketh longe er that he spede,
But atté laste unto the dede
The time is come, and in her wise

With great offrénd and sacrifice
They wedde and make a riché fest,
And every thing was right honést
Withinné hous and eke without.
It was so done, that all about
Of great worship and great noblesse
There criéd many a man largesse
Unto the lordés high and loude.
The knightes, that ben yonge and proude,
They jesté first and after daunce.
The day is go, the nightés chaunce
Hath derké all the brighte sonne.
This lord hath thus his lové wonne.

“Now have I tolde of the spousailes.
But for to speke of the merveiles,
Which afterward to hem befelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.

“It fell a day they riden out
The kinge and quene and all the rout
To pleién hem upon the stronde,
Where as they seen toward the londe
A ship sailénd of great array ;
To knowé what it mené may,
Till it be comé they abide.
Than se they stonde on every side
Endlong the shippés bord to shewe
Of penouncéls a riché rewe.
They axen whenne the ship is come.

Fro Tire, anone answérdé some.
And over this they saiden more
The causé why they comen fore
Was for to seche and for to finde
Appollinus, which is of kinde
Her legé lord. And he appereth
And of the talé whiche he hereth
He was right glad, for they him tolde,
That for vengeaunce, as God it wolde,
Antiochus as men may wite
With thunder and lightning is for-smita.
His doughter hath the samé chaunce.
So be they both in o balaunce.
Forthý, our legé lord, we say
In name of all the lond and pray,
That left all other thing to done
It liké you to comé sone
And se your owné legé men
With other that ben of your ken
That live in longing and desire
Till ye be come ayein to Tire.
This tale after the king it had
Pentapolim all oversprad.
There was no joié for to seche,
For every man it had in speche
And saiden all of one accorde :
' A worthy king shall ben our lorde ;
That thought us first an hevynesse

Is shape us now to great gladnése.
Thus goth the tiding over all.

“ But nede he mot that nedé shall.
Appollinus his levé toke,
To god and all the lond betoke
With all the people longe and brode,
That he no lenger there aboda.

“ The king and quené sorwe made,
But yet somdale they weren glade
Of such thing as they herden tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
The which was ever meke and milde
And woldé nought departe him fro,
Such lové was betwene hem two.
Lichorida for her office
Was také, which was a norice,
To wendé with this yongé wife,
To whom was shape a wofull life.
Within a time, as it betid,
Whan they were in the see amid,
Out of the north they sigh a cloude,
The storme aros, the windés loude
They blewen many a dredefull blast,
The welken was all overcast.
The derké night the sonne hath under,
There was a great tempést of thunder.
The mone and eke the sterrés bothe

In blacké cloudés they hem clothe,
Wherof her brighté loke they hide.
This yongé lady wept and cride
To whom no comfort might availe,
Of childé she began travaile
Where she lay in a caban close.
Her wofull lord fro her arose,
And that was long er any morwe,
So that in anguish and in sorwe
She was delivered all by night
And deiede in every mannés sight.

“ But netheles for all this wo
A maidé child was boré tho.

“ Appollinus whan he this knewe,
For sowre a swoune he overthrewe
That no man wist in him no life.
And whan he woke, he saide : ‘ Ha, wife,
My joy, my lust and my desire,
My welth and my recoverire,
Why shall I live, and thou shalt deie ?
Ha, thou Fortúne, I the defie,
Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
Ha, herté, why ne wolt thou berst,
That forth with her I mighté passe ?
My painés weré well the lasse.
In such weping and suché crie
His dedé wife which lay him by
A thousand sithés be her kiste.

Was never man that sigh ne wiste
A sorwe to his sorwe liche,
Was ever among upon the liche.
He fell swounénde as he that thought
His owné deth, which he besought
Unto the goddés all above
With many a pitous word of love.
But suché wordés as tho were
Yet herdé never mannés ere,
But only thilké which he saide.
The maister shipman came and praido
With other such as ben therinne,
And sain that he may nothing winne
Ayein the deth, but they him rede
He be well ware and také hede,
The see by wey of his natúr
Receivé may no creätúre
Within him self as for to holde
The which is dede. Forthý they wolde,
As they counseilen all about,
The dedé body casten out.
For better it is, they saiden all,
That if of hiré so befall,
Than if they shulden allé spille.

“The king, which understode her will
And knew her counseil that was trewe,
Began ayein his sorwe newe
With pitous hert and thus to say :

'It is all reson that ye pray.
I am,' quod he, 'but one alone,
So wolde I nought for my persone
There fellé such adversité.
But whan it may no better be
Doth thanné thus upon my worde,
Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
That it be firm with led and piche.'
Anone was made a coffre siche
All redy brought unto his honde.
And whan he sighe and redy fonde
This coffre made and well englued,
The dedé body was besewed
In cloth of gold and laid therinne.
And for he wolde unto her winne
Upon some coste a sepulture,
Under her heved in adventúre
Of gold he laidé sommés great
And of juéls a strong beyéte
Forth with a letter, and said thus :
 'I, king of Tíre, Appollinus
Doth allé maner men to wite,
That here and se this letter write,
That helpélés withouté rede
Here lith a kingés doughter dede,
And who that hapneth her to finde
For charité take in his minde
And do so that she be begrave

With this tresór which he shal have.'

'Thus whan the letter was full spoke
They have anone the coffre stoke
And bounden it with iron faste,
That it may with the wawés laste,
And stoppen it by such a wey
That it shall be withinné drey,
So that no water might it greve.
And thus in hope and good beleve
Of that the corps shall well arrive,
They cast it over borde as blive.

"The ship forth on the wawés went
The prince hath chaungéd his entent,
And saith, he woll nought come at Tíre
As thanné, but all his desire
Is first to sailen unto Tharse.
The windy storm began to scarce,
The sonne arist, the weder clereth,
The shipman which behindé stereth,
Whan that he sigh the windés saught,
Towardés Tharse his cours he straught.

"But now to my matere ayein,
To telle as oldé bokés sain
This dedé corps of whiche ye knowe
With winde and water was forth throwe,
Now here, now there, till atté last
At Ephesim the see upcast

The coffre and all that was therinne.
Of great merveilé now beginne
May heré who that sitteth still.
That God woll savé may nought spill.
Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
There came walkénd upon the stronde
A worthy clerke and surgién
And eke a great phisicién,
Of all that lond the wisest one,
Which highté maister Cerimon.
There were of his disciples some.
This maister is to the coffre come,
He peiseth there was somewhat in
And bad hem bere it to his inne,
And goth him selvé forth with all.
All that shall fallé, fallé shall.

“They comen home and tarie nought.
This coffre into his chambre is brought,
Which that they findé fasté stoke,
But they with craft it have unloke.
They loken in, whereas they founde,
A body dede, which was iwounde
In cloth of gold, as I said ere.
The tresor eke they founden there
Forth with the letter, which they rede.
And tho they token better hede.
Unsowéd was the body sone,

As he that knewe what was to done,
This noble clerk with allé haste
Began the veinés for to taste.
And sigh her agé was of youthe ;
And with the craftés which he couthe
He sought and found a signe of life.
With that this worthy kingés wife
Honestély they token out
And maden firés all about.
They laid her on a couché softe,
And with a sheté warméd ofte
Her coldé brest began to hete,
Her herte also to flacke and beté.
This maister hath her every jointe
With certain oil and balsme anointe,
And put a liquour in her mouthe
Which is to fewé clerkes couthe,
So that she covereth atté laste.
And first her eyen up she caste,
And whan she more of strengthé caught,
Her armés bothé forth she straught,
Held up her hond and pitouslý
She spake and saidé : ‘ Where am I ?
Where is my lord, what world is this ? ’
As she that wot nought how it is.
But Cerimon that worthy leche
Answerde anone upon her speche

And said : 'Madamé, ye ben here,
Where ye be sauf, as ye shall here
Hereafterward, forthý as now
My counseil is, comfórteth you.
For tristeth wel, withouté faile,
There is no thing which shall you faile,
That ought of reson to be do.'
Thus passen they a day or two ;
They speke of nought as for an ende,
Till she began somdele amende,
And wist her selven what she mente

" Tho for to knowe her hole entente
This maister axeth all the cas,
How she cam there, and what she was.
'How I came heré, wote I nought,'
Quod she, 'but wel I am bethought
Of other thingés all about
Fro point to point,' and tolde him out
Als ferforthly as she it wiste.
And he her tolde how in a kiste
The see her threwe upon the londe,
And what tresór with her he fonde,
Which was all redy at her will,
As he that shope him to fulfill
With al his might what thing he shuld.
She thonketh him that he so wolde,
And all her herté she discloseth

And saith him well that she supposeth,
Her lord be dreint, her childe also.
So sigh she nought but allé wo.
Wherof as to the world no more
Ne woll she torne and praieth therfore,
That in some temple of the citee
To kepe and holde her chasteté
She might among the women dwelle.
Whan he this talé herdé telle
He was right glad, and made her knowen
That he a daughter of his owen
Hath, which he woll unto her yive
To servé while they bothé live,
In stede of that which she hath loste;
All only at his owné coste
She shall be rendred forth with her.
She saith, 'Graunt mercy, levé sir,
God quite it you, there I ne may.'
And thus they drivé forth the day
Till timé cam that she was hole.
And tho they take her counseil hole
To shape upon good ordenaúnce
And make a worthy purveaúnce
Ayein the day whan they be veiled
And thus whan that they were counseiled,
In blacké clothés they hem clothe
This lady and the daughter bothé

And yolde hem to religi3n.
The feste and the professi3n
After the reule of that degré
Was made with great solempnité,
Where as Diane is sanctified.
Thus stant this lady justified
In ordre where she thenketh to dwelle.

“ But now ayeinward for to telle,
In what plite that her lord stood inne.
He saileth till that he may winne
The haven of Tharse, as I saide ere.
And whan he was arrivéd there,
Tho it was through the cité knowe,
Men mighté se within a throwe
As who saith all the towne at ones.
They come ayein him for the nones
To given him the reveréce,
So glad they were of his preséce.
And though he were in his coráge
Diseséd, yet with glad viságe
He made hem chere and to his inne,
Where he whilom sojournéd in,
He goth him straught and was received.
And whan the press of people is weived,
He taketh his host unto him tho
And saith, ‘ My frend Strangulio,
Lo thus and thus it is befallé.

And thou thy self art one of alle,
Forth with thy wife, which I most trist,
Forthy if it you bothé list,
My doughter Thaisé by your leve
I thenké shall with you beleve
As for a time, and thus I pray
That she be kept by allé way,
And whan she hath of agé more,
That she be set to bokés lore.
And this avow to God I make,
That I shall never for her sake
My berdé for no liking shave
Till it befallé that I have
In covenáble time of age
Besette her unto mariáge.

“ Thus they accorde, and all is well.
And for to resten him somdele
Yet for a while he ther sojórneþ,
And than he taketh his leve and torneth
To ship and goth him home to Tíre,
Where every man with great desire
Awaiteth upon his comíng
But whan the ship cam in sailing
And they perceiven it is he,
Was never yet in no citee
Such joíé made, as they tho made.
His hert also began to gláde

Of that he seeth his people glad.
Lo, thus Fortune his hap hath lad,
In sondry wise he was travailed.
But how so ever he be assailed,
His latter endé shall be good.

“And for to speke how that it stood
Of Thaise his doughter, wher she dwelleth,
In Tharse as the croniqué telleth
She was well kept, she was well loked,
She was wel taught, she was wel baked,
So well she sped her in her youth
That she of every wisdom couth,
That for to seche in every londe
So wise an other no man fonde
Ne so well taught at mannés eye.
But wo worth ever false envý.
For it befell that timé so,
A doughter hath Strangulio,
The which was clepéd Philotenne.
But Famé, which woll ever renne,
Came all day to her moders ere
And saith, wher ever her doughter were
With Thaisé set in any place
The commun vois the commun grace
Was all upon that other maide,
And of her doughter no man saide.
Who was wroth but Dionísé than?

Her thought a thousand yere till whan
She mighté be of Thaisé wreke
Of that she herdé folk so speke.
And fell that ilké samé tide,
That dede was trewé Lichoride
Whiche haddé be servaúnt to Thaise,
So that she was the wors at ese.
For she hath thanné no servise
But onely through this Dionise
Which was her dedlich enemy.
Through puré treson and envý
She that of allé sorwe can
Tho spake unto her bondéman
Which clepéd was Theophilus
And made him swere in counseil thus,
That he such time as she him set
Shall come Thaisé for to fet
And lede her out of allé sight
Where that no man her helpé might
Upon the strondé nigh the see,
And there he shall this maiden slee.
This cherlés hert is in a traunce,
As he which drad him of vengeaúnce
Whan timé comth an other day.
But yet durst he nought saié nay,
But swore and said he shall fulfill
Her hestés at her owné will.

“The treson and the time is shape,
So fell it that this cherlish knape
Hath lad this maiden where he wold
Upon the stronde, and what she sholde
She was adrad, and he out braide
A rusty swerde and to her saide :
‘Thou shalt be dede.’ ‘Alas,’ quod she,
‘Why shall I so?’ ‘Lo thus,’ quod he,
‘My lady Dionise hath bede,
Thou shalt be murdred in this stede.’
This maiden tho for feré shrighte
And for the love of God Allmighte
She praith that for a litel stounde
She mighté knele upon the grounde
Toward the heven for to crave,
Her wofull soule if she may save.
And with this noise and with this cry,
Out of a bargé fasté by,
Which hid was there on scomer-fare,
Men sterten out and weren ware
Of this felón, and he to go,
And she began to crié tho,
‘Ha, mercy, help for Goddes sake,’
Into the bargé they her take,
As thevés shulde, and forth they went.
Upon the see the wind hem hent
And malgré where they wolde or none

To-fore the weder forth they gone,
There halp no sail there halp none ore
Forstorméd and forblowen sore
In great períl so forth they drive,
Till atté lasté they arrive
At Miteléné the citee.
In haven sauf and whan they be
The maister shipman made him boune
And goth him out into the towne
And profreth Thaisé for to sellé.
One Leonin it herdé telle,
Which maister of the bordel was,
And bad him gon a redy pas
To fecchen her, and forth he went
And Thaise out of his barge he hent
And solde her to the bordel tho.
No wonder is though she be wo
Clos in a chambre by her self.
Eche after other ten or twelf
Of yongé men in to her went.
But suche a gracie God her sent,
That for the sorwe which she made,
Was none of hem which power had
To done her any vilainy.

“This Leonin let ever aspy
And waiteth after great beyete,
But all for nought, she was forlete,

That no man woldé theré come.
Whan he therof hath hede nome
He sent his man, but so it ferde,
Whan he her wofull pleintés herde
And he therof hath také kepe,
Him listé better for to wepe
Than don ought allés to the game.
And thus she kepte her self fro shame
And kneléd down to therthe and praide
Unto this man and thus she saide :
‘ If so be, that thy maister wolde
That I his gold encresé sholde
It may nought fallé by this wey,
But suffre me to go my wey
Out of this hous where I am in,
And I shall make him for to win
In some place ellés of the town,
Be so it be of religioun,
Where that honésté women dwelle,
And thus thou might thy maister telle,
That whan I have a chambre there
Let him do cry ay widé where,
What lord that hath his doughter dere
And is in will that she shall lere
Of such a scolé that is trewe,
I shall her teche of thingés newe
Whiche as none other woman can

In all this londe.' And tho this man
Her tale hath herde he goth ayein
And tolde unto his maister plein,
That she hath saide. And therupon,
Whan that he sigh beyeté none
At the bordél because of hire,
He bad his man to gon and spire
A placé where she might abide,
That he may winne upon some side
By that she can. But atté lest
Thus was she sauf of this tempést.

"He hath her fro the bordel take,
But that was nought for Goddés sake,
But for the lucre, as she him tolde.
Now comen tho that comen wolde,
Of women in her lusty youth
To here and se what thing she couth.
She can the wisdome of a clerke,
She can of any lusty werke
Which to a gentil woman longeth.
And some of hem she underfongeth
To the citole and to the harpe,
And whom it liketh for to carpe
Proverbés and demaundés sligh
An other such they never sigh
Which that sciéncé so well taught,
Wherof she greté yiftés caught,

That she to Leonin hath wonne.
And thus her name is so begonne
Of sondry thingés that she techeth,
That all the londé to her secheth
Of yongé women for to lere.

“Now letté we this maiden here
And speke of Dionise ayeine
And of Theophile the vilaine
Of which I spake of now to-fore,
Whan Thaisé shulde have be forlore.
This falsé cherle to his ladý
Whan he cam home all prively,
He saith, ‘Madamé, slain I have
This maidé Thaise, and is begrave
In privé place, as ye me bede.
Forthy, madamé, taketh hede
And kepe counsefl, how so it stonde.’
This fend, which hath this understonde,
Was glad and weneth it be soth.
Now herke, hereafter how she doth.
She wepeth, she sorweth, she compleigneth,
And of sikenessé which she feigneth,
She saith, that Thaisé sodeinly
By night is dede, as she and I
To-gider lien nigh my lorde.
She was a woman of recórde,
And all is levéd that she saith.

And for to yive a moré feith,
Her husébonde and eke she bothe
In blacké clothés they hem clothe,
And make a great enterrément.
And for the people shall be blent
Of Thaise as for the rémembraunce,
After the réal olde usaunce
A tumbe of laton noble and riche
With an ymáge unto her liche
Liggénd abové therupon
They made and set it up anon.
Her epitaphe of good assise
Was write about, and in this wise
It spake : ' O ye, that this beholde,
Lo, here lieth she, the which was holde
The fairest and the floure of alle,
Whose namé Thaïsis men calle.
The king of Tíre Appollinus
Her fader was, now lieth she thus.
Fourtené yere she was of age,
Whan deth her toke to his viage.'

Thus was this falsé treson hid,
Which afterward was widé kid,
As by the tale a man shall here.
But to declaré my matere
To Tíre I thenké torne ayein
And telle as the croníqués sain.

Whan that the king was comen home
And hath left in the salté fome
His wife which he may nought foryete,
For he some comfort woldé gete
He let sommone a parlément,
To which the lordés were assent.
And of the time he hath ben out,
He seeth the thingés all about ;
And told hem eke, how he hath fare,
While he was out of londé fare,
And praide hem allé to abide,
For he wolde at the samé tide
Do shapé for his wivés minde
As he that woll nought ben unkinde.
Solempné was that ilke office,
And riché was the sacrifice,
The festé réally was holde.
And therto was he well beholde :
For suche a wife as he had one
In thilké daiés was there none.

“Whan this was done, than he him thought
Upon his doughter, and besought
Such of his lordés as he wolde,
That they with him to Tharsé sholde
To fet his doughter Thaisé there,
And they anone all redy were.
To ship they gone and forth they went

Till they the haven of Tharsé hent.
They londe and faile of that they seche,
By coverture and sleight of speche.
This falsé man Strangulio
And Dionise his wife also,
That he the better trowé might,
They ladden him to have a sight,
Where that her tombé was arraied,
The lassé yet he was mispaied.
And nethéles so as he durst,
He curseth and saith all the worst
Unto Fortúne, as to the blinde,
Which can no siker weie finde,
For she him neweth ever amonge
And medleth sorwe with his songe.
But sithe it may no better be,
He thonketh God and forth goth he
Sailéndé toward Tíre ayeine
But sodeinly the winde and reine
Began upon the see debate,
So that he suffre mote algate
The lawé, which Neptúne deineth,
Wherof full ofté time he pleigneth
And held him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath to-fore assaied.
So that for puré sorwe and care
Of that he seeth this world so fare,

The rest he leveth of his cabán,
That for the counseil of no man
Ayein therin he noldé come
But hath beneth his placé nome,
Where he wepénd alloné lay
There as he sigh no light of day.

“And thus to-fore the wind they drive
Till longe and laté they arrive
With great distresse, as it was sene,
Upon this town of Mitelene,
Which was a noble cité tho.
And happneth thilké timé so,
The lordés both and the commúne
The highé festés of Neptune
Upon the strond at the rivage,
As it was custume and usage,
Solempneliché they besigh.

“Whan they this straungé vessel sigh
Come in, and hath his saile aaled,
The town therof hath spoke and taled.
The lord which of that cité was,
Whose name is Athenagoras,
Was there and said, he woldé se
What ship it is, and who they be
That ben therin. And after sone,
Whan that he sigh it was to done,
His bargé was for him arraied,

And he goth forth and hath assaied.
He found the ship of great array,
But what thing it amounté may,
He sigh they maden hevvy chere,
But well him thenketh by the manere,
That they be worthy men of blood,
And axeth of hem how it stood.
And they him tellen all the cas,
How that her lord fordrivé was,
And what a sorwé that he made
Of which there may no man him glade.
He praieth that he her lord may se.
But they him tolde it may nought be,
For he lith in so derke a place
That there may no wight sen his face.
But for all that, though hem be loth,
He found the ladder and down he goth
And to him spake, but none answér
Ayein of him ne might he bere,
For ought that he can do or sain.
And thus he goth him up ayein.

“Tho was there spoke in many wise
Amongés hem that weren wise,
Now this, now that, but atté last
The wisdom of the town thus cast,
That yongé Thaisé were assent.
For if there be amendément

To gladdé with this wofull king,
She can so moch of every thing
That she shall gladen him anone.

“ A messenger for her is gone.

And she came with her harp on honde
And saide hem, that she woldé fonde
By allé weies that she can,

To gladdé with this sory man.

And what he was, she wiste nought.

But all the ship her hath besought

That she her wit on him despende

In aunter if he might amende,

And sain, ‘ It shall be well aquit,’

Whan she hath understonden it,

She goth her down, there as he lay,

Where that she harpeth many a lay

And lich an aungel sang with alle.

But he no moré than the walle

Toke hede of any thing he herde.

Aud whan she sigh that he so ferde,

She falleth with him unto wordes,

And telleth him of sondry bordes,

And axeth him demaundés straunge

Wherof she made his herté chaunge,

And to her speche his ere he laide

And hath merveile, of that she saide

For in provérbe and in probléme

She spake and bade he shuldé deme
In many a subtil question.
But he for no suggestiön
Which toward him she couthe stere
He woldé nought o word answere,
But as a mad man atté laste,
His heved weping away he caste
And half in wrath he bad her go.
But yet she woldé nought do so,
And in the derké forth she goth,
Till she him toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hiré with his honde
He smote. And thus whan she him fonde
Diseséd, courteisly she saide :
'Avoy my lorde, I am a maide.
And if ye wisté what I am,
And out of what lignáge I cam,
Ye woldé nought be so salváge.'
With that he sobreth his coráge
And put away his hevychere.
But of hem two a man may lere,
What is to be so sibbe of blood.
None wist of other how it stood,
And yet the fader atté last
His herte upon this maidé cast,
That he her loveth kindély,
And yet he wisté never why ;
But all was knowe er that they went.

For God, which wote her hole entent,
Her hertés both anone descloseth.
This king unto this maide opposeth
And axeth first, What is her name,
And where she lernéd all this game,
And of what kin that she was come?
And she, that hath his wordés nome,
Answereth and saith: ' My name is Thaise,
That was sometimé well at ese.
In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There lernéd I till I was spedde
Of that I can. My fader eke
I not where that I shulde him seke,
He was a king, men toldé me.
My moder dreint was in the sea.'
Fro point to point all she him tolde,
That she hath longe in herté holde,
And never dursté make her mone,
But only to this lord allone,
To whom her herté can nought hele,
Torne it to wo torne it to wele,
Torne it to good torne it to harme.
And he tho toke her in his arme.
But such a joy as he tho made
Was never sene; thus be they glade
That sory hadden be to-forne.
Fro this day forth Fortúne hath sworne

To set him upward on the whele ;
So goth the world ; now wo, now wele.
“ This king hath foundé newé grace,
So that out of his derké place
He goth him up into the light.
And with him cam that sweté wight
His doughter Thaisé, and forth anone
They bothe into the caban gone
Which was ordeiné for the kinge.
And there he did of all his thinge
And was arraiéd réally,
And out he cam all openly
Where Athenagoras he fonde
The which was lorde of all the londe.
He praieth the king to come and se
His castell bothe and his citee.
And thus they gone forth all in fere,
This king, this lord, this maiden dere.
This lord tho made hem riché feste
With every thing which was honéste
To plesé with this worthy kinge,
Ther lacketh hem no maner thinge.
But yet for al his noble array
Wifeles he was unto that day,
As he that yet was yonge of age.
So fell there into his coráge
The lusty wo, the gladdé peine

Of lové which no man restreigne
Yet never might as now to-fore.
This lord thenketh all his world forlore
But if the king woll done him grace.
He waiteth time he waiteth place
Him thought his herté woll to-breke.
Till he may to this maidé speke
And to her fader eke also
For mariáge. And it fell so,
That all was do, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded him as for her lorde ;
Thus be they alle of one accorde.
“ Whan al was do right as they wolde,
The kinge unto his soné tolde
Of Tharsé thilké treterie,
And said, how in his compaignie
His doughter and him selven eke
Shall go vengeaúncé for to seke.
The shippés weré redy sone.
And whan they sigh it was to done
Withouté let of any went,
With saile up drawé forth they wente
Towardés Tharse upon the tide.
But he that wot what shall betide,
The highe God which wolde him kepe,
Whan that this king was faste a slepe

By nightes time he hath him bede
To saile unto another stede ;
To Ephesim he bad him drawe,
And as it was that timé lawe,
He shall do there his sacrifice.
And eke he bad in allé wise,
That in the temple amongés alle
His Fortune, as it is befalle,
Touchend his doughter and his wife
He shall beknowe upon his life.
The king of this avisióu
Hath great ymaginación
What thinge it signifié may.
And nethéles whan it was day
He bad cast anker and abode.
And while that he on anker rode,
The wind, which was to-foré straunge.
Upon the point began to chaunge
And torneth thider as it shulde.
Tho knewe he well, that God it wolde,
And bad the maister make him yare,
To-fore the wind for he wold fare
To Ephesim, and so he dede.
And whan he came into the stede,
Where as he shuldé londe, he loadeth
With all the haste he may, and fondeth
To shapen him in suche a wise

That he may by the morwe arise
And done after the maundément
Of him, which hath him thider sent.
And in the wisé that he thought,
Upon the morwe so he wrought.
His doughter and his sone he nome
And forth unto the temple he come
With a great route in compaigny
His yiftés for to sacrify.
The citezeins tho herden say
Of such a king that came to pray
Unto Diané the goddésse
And lefte all other besinesse,
They comen thider for to se
The king and the solempnité.
“ With worthy knightés enviróned
The king him self hath abandóned
Into the temple in good entente.
The dore is up and in he wente,
Whereas with great devoción
Of holy contemplación
Within his herte he made his shrifte.
And after that a riché yifte
He offreth with great reveréce,
And there in open audiéce
Of hem that stoden all about
He tolde hem and declareth out

His hap such as him is befallé ;
There was no thing foryete of alle.
His wife, as it was Goddés grace,
Which was professéd in the place
As she that was abbéssé there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ere,
She knew the vois and the viságe,
For puré joy as in a rage
She straught unto him all at ones
And fell a swoune upon the stones
Wherof the temple flore was paved.
She was anone with water laved,
Till she came to her self ayein.
And thanné she began to sain :
' Ha, blessed be the highé sonde,
That I may se min husébonde,
Which whilom he and I were one.'
The king with that knewe her anone
And toke her in his arme and kist,
And all the town thus sone it wist.
Tho was there joié manyfold,
For every man this tale hath told
As for mirácle, and were glade.
But never man such joié made
As doth the king which hath his wife.
And whan men herde how that her life
Was savéd and by whom it was,

They wondren all of suche a cas.
Through all the londe arose the speche
Of maister Cerimon the leche
And of the curé which he dede.
The king him self tho hath him bede
And eke this quené forth with him,
That he the town of Ephesim
Woll leve and go where as they be,
For never man of his degre
Hath do to hem so mochel good.
And he his profite understood
And graunteth with hem for to wende.
And thus they maden there an ende
And token leve and gone to ship
With all the holé felaship.

“This king, which now hath his desire,
Saith he woll holde his cours to Tīre.
They hadden wind at willé tho
With topsail-cole, and forth they go.
And striken never till they come
To Tīre wher as they haven nome,
And londen hem with mochel blisse.
There was maný a mouth to kisse,
Eche oné welcometh other home.
But whan the quene to londé come
And Thaise her doughter by her side,
The joíé which was thilké tide

There may no mannés tungé telle.
They saiden all, 'Here cometh the welle
Of alle womanisshé grace.'
The king hath take his réal place,
The quene is into chambre go ;
There was great feste arraiéd tho.
Whan timé was they gone to mete,
All oldé sorwés ben foryete,
And gladen hem with joiés newe.
The descoloúréd palé hewe
Is now become a ruddy cheke,
There was no merthé for to seke,
But every man hath what he wolde,
The king as he well couthe and sholde
Maketh to his people right good chere.
And after sone, as thou shalt here,
A parlément he hath sommóned,
Where he his doughter hath coróned
Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
That one is king, that other quene.
And thus the faders ordenaunce
This londe hath set in governaunce,
And saidé that he woldé wende
To Tharsé for to make an ende
Of that his doughter was betraied,
Wherof were allé men well paid,
And said, how it was for to done.

“The shippés weren redy sone.
A strong powér with him he toke,
Up to the sky he cast his loke
And sigh the wind was covenáble.
They hale up anker with the cable,
They sail on high, the stere on honde,
They sailen till they come a londe
At Tharsé nigh to the citee.
And whan they wisten it was he,
The town hath done him reverence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Which the tretoúr Strangulio
And Dionise him haddé do .
Touchénde his doughter, as ye herde.
And whan they wisté how it ferde,
As he which pees and lové sought,
Unto the town this he besought
To done him right in jugément.
Anone they weré both assent
With strengthe of men, and comen sone
And as hem thought it was to done,
Atteint they weré by the lawe
And deméd for to honge and drawe
And brent and with the wind to-blowe,
That all the world it mighté knowe.
And upon this condicién
The dome in execución

Was put anone withouté faile.
And every man hath great mervelle,
Whiche herdé tellen of this chaunce,
And thonketh Goddés purveaunce,
Which doth mercy forth with justice.
Slain is the morderer and mordrice
Through verray trouth of right-wisnesse,
And through mercy sauf is simplesse
Of hire whom mercy preserveth ;
Thus hath he wel that wel deserveth.

“ Whan all this thing is done and ended,
This king which lovéd was and frended,
A letter hath, which came to him
By shippé fro Pentapolim,
In which the lond hath to him write
That he wolde understonde and wite,
How in good minde and in good pees
Dede is the kinge Artestrates,
Wherof they all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her legé lorde,
That he the letter wol conceive
And come his regné to receive
Which God hath yove him and Fortúne.
And thus besoughté the commúne
Forth with the greté lordés alle.
This king sigh how it was befallé
Fro Tharse and in prosperité

He toke his leve of that citee
And goth him into ship ayein.
The wind was good, the se was pleïn,
Hem nedeth nought a riff to slake,
Till they Pentapolim have take.
The lond which herde of that tidïng
Was wonder glad of his coming.
He resteth him a day or two
And toke his counseil to him the
And set a time of parlément,
Where all the londe of one assent
Forth with his wife have him coroned,
Where allé good him was foisoned."

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

72

SEP 4 - 1942



